

JULY 1, 1897.

THE
Chap-Book

SEMI-MONTHLY

A MISCELLANY & REVIEW of BELLES LETTRES




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Printed for *Herbert S Stone & Company*
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Dearborn Street



The Secret's Out!

I've heard it said, and heard it read,
That put to any test,
Of all the mites a woman writes,
Her "P.S." is the best.
Though why the best, none ever
guess'd,
Nor saw a secret there,
Until a maid in mischief laid
The women's secret bare—
That P.S. means
☞ **Pears' Soap**



The Chap-Book

Vol. VII, No. 5

Semi-Monthly

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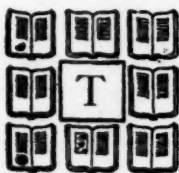
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NOTES



THE announcement that the jubilee honors are likely to include the name of an English publisher, and that Mr. George Smith, senior partner in the firm of Smith, Elder and Company, is to be the gentleman distinguished, can hardly fail to appeal to reasonable persons as a very proper part of this year's celebration. It is the first time such a thing has occurred, and it has been interesting—since the first rumor of the matter—to speculate on whom the honor would fall. Under ordinary circumstances the name of Mr. Murray would naturally come first, but it was doubtful if the present head of the house had done enough to entitle him to the tribute. Other possibilities would have been Mr. George Allen, Ruskin's publisher, or one of the Macmillans. The selection of Mr. George Smith seems peculiarly happy, in view of the admirable service he has done, not only to England, but to all nations, by the publication of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which it is said was undertaken solely at his own cost.

We did not believe it possible. Indeed, for a whole fortnight we waited confidently for a denial, but the guilt is unhappily now only too apparent. Boston has used a Latin infinitive to express a purpose! This is worse than pronouncing Bacchante in two syllables. For a whole fortnight we declared that everything that is noble and grand and liberal and cultured in our rational life has originated in Boston, and that she must have used *ut* with the subjunctive. She did n't. There it is on the Shaw monument. "*Omnia relinquit servare rempublicam.*" However, now that Mr. MacMonnies' statue is finally out of the way, there will be plenty of room in the library for some elementary Latin grammars. But that fatal infinitive will eat into Boston's life for all time; the bark of her canine Latin will echo down the corridors of time forever. A Latin infinitive to express a purpose and — Boston. *O tempora! O mora!*

The *Critic* is certainly right in condemning the subscription fund started by the New York *Herald* for the benefit of Mark Twain. Nothing could be more tactless and undesirable. In spite of the sensational tales about his poverty and ill-health which

have been cabled over from London, Mr. Clemens is moderately well off and able to get through an immense amount of work. It is extremely unlikely that he would care to have the *Herald's* assistance in any way. All that he has asked for is the opportunity to make good his losses by his own work, and the *Herald's* proposition must appear to him, as it does to every one else, as a mere blundering indignity.

The three plays of the year in Paris unanimously extolled by the critics as bringing in a renaissance of French dramatic literature, and enthusiastically enjoyed by the public at large, cannot be transferred to the English-speaking and the English-speaking stage. They are brilliant, strong studies of French life, but they only show to the stranger within the gates how extraordinarily different French life, or perhaps we ought rather to say Parisian life, is from that of England, America, Germany, and doubtless all other European countries. The best of the three—though not the most amusing—is *La Loi d'Homme* played at the Français, written by Paul Hervieu. Its theme is marital infidelity. The second in point of success is *La Douleur*, played by Rejane at the Vaudeville. Its theme is ante-marital infidelity. But in the course of its four acts it deals with every other kind, and with nearly, if not all, the wickedness of Paris salons. *La Douleur* is written by Maurice Donnay. He and Hervieu are the two very most promising of the new French dramatists. Both realists, and Hervieu decidedly the more serious of the two. The third brilliantly successful comedy is *La Carrière*, at the Gymnase, and this also—for a change—deals with marital infidelity.

But there is one rather extraordinary thing about these plays in Paris. They end happily. In spite of all the infidelity of thought and deed,—and the worst of it is that in most cases the infidelities are not singular in any sense of the word, but plural,—all ends happily. There is a short fourth act, in which husband and wife fall into each other's arms (finding them the most comfortable after all, the "best fit," so to speak), and one is reminded of the old child's rhyme,

"They lived in peace,
And died in Greece
And went to Heaven in a frying-pan."

There may be some question about the "Heaven" for them, but there cannot be any manner of doubt, one would think, about the frying-pan.

It used to be that the French were the only audiences who would smilingly accept an "unhappy ending." In those days the denouement pointed a moral, which condoned for critical English minds the usual subject of the drama. Latterly, however, given such a subject, English audiences (and by English I mean English-speaking) have been willing to accept it, *provided* there was an "unhappy ending" to weigh in with a moral. This has ap-

parently frightened the French, and fearful of reaching what is to them the prudish state of the English-speaking stage, they seem to have gone a step farther to preserve the well-established reputation of their own theater. In fact, they have gone two steps: the first in leaving the moral out entirely. But they did not stop there, evidently realizing that if they left their play "unfinished" there would be certain minds sure to end it for themselves in a didactic fashion; so they took a second step, and preached the gospel of the unpunished in a fourth act. In Act III—if not before—nearly everybody is sinning, and the lives of all are broken, but in Act IV there is a mutual overlooking, and the broken lives are so happily mended, it's impossible to "find the place." There can be no question about the absolute immorality of these fourth acts,—nor of the dullness of them too,—which is something.

La Loi d'Homme, as was said in the beginning, is the best play of the year,—and granted its theme, it is strongly moral. But then, it is in *three* acts. Had there been a fourth act, the result would have been different. Just now, in Paris, it is apparently largely a matter of Acts.

New Yorkers are waiting with some curiosity to see whether the *Sun* will go under, or whether it will be able to stand the enormous expense of collecting its own news, and so gradually form a little press association of its own. The general opinion is that the paper is wantonly ruining itself. We should be sorry for many reasons to see the *Sun* commit suicide. It is in many ways a type so unmitigatedly American. Its editorial columns have all the swagger, the vulgarity, and the bumptious ignorance of the ordinary American politician. The news columns show the childish inquisitiveness and desire to be "smart" which always strike a foreigner as typical of the worst side of our private life. On the other hand, its general articles and sketches and stories are of an astonishingly high average, probably the best things in their way to be found in the whole American daily press. It is a clever, cynical, interesting, blackguardly production, and would drive any one mad who was to take it seriously. And it is a really curious tribute to the power of Mr. Dana's character, to his fascinating ability to impress his own hopeless, cynical temperament on a body of clever young men. Therefore we should be sorry if the *Sun* were to rush to its own destruction. At present it is making a desperate battle for existence; how desperate may be judged from the fact that it has taken a leaf out of the *Journal's* copy-book and is busily printing sensational lies from London.

The announcement is made that a journal to be called *The Philistine* is to be started in London within the month. It will comment on books and literary matters "in the American manner." This

manner we take to be a certain flippant radicalism which has been developed in America by the pamphleteering craze of the last three years. Before the days of miniature magazines, English criticism was much more outspoken than American. Now we have developed frankness to such an extent that we can export an "American manner" to startle the native Britisher.

A curious thing has happened in the matter of criticism of Mr. Stephen Crane's *The Third Violet*. American reviews and newspapers, almost without exception, have dismissed the book as either bad or unimportant. The English reviewers almost universally welcomed it as momentous and judged it good. Is this an attempt on the part of the London critics to bolster up their claim of having "discovered" *The Red Badge of Courage*?

It seems to us more probably due to the demoralization of London criticism due to the prevailing "boom in Americans." The theatrical invasion of England is the most striking feature of the situation,—in fact, it is melodramatic. With Mr. William Gillette delighting all hearts in *Secret Service*, Mr. Neil Burgess pleasing audiences and even critics with his grotesque *County Fair*, and Mr. Charles Frohman, according to cable reports, considering England's plea that he should remain there and establish a managerial despotism like his American syndicate monarchy, it is only fair to believe that half our players are planning London seasons. The descent of the American novelist upon Britain is less pyrotechnical, but almost as sure. And it is causing a flurry of vaguer unrest in the dovecote of critics. At present the only established rule—which is about as good a one as that ancient whist fallacy, "When in doubt, lead trumps,"—seems to be, "When in doubt, praise local color." And this, we take it, has made the English acclaim of *The Third Violet* so general.

There is, however, apropos of this matter of "local color" an occasional word of criticism so sane and so honest as to deserve special notice! A reviewer in the London *Daily Chronicle*, in writing of Mr. William Allen White's book, *The Real Issue*, makes so frank and intelligent a confession of his state of mind in dealing with outlandish fiction that a quotation will be truly helpful in understanding international criticism.

"Again, to our thinking at least," he says, "Mr. Lewis Macnamara's book of *Irish Idylls* and Mr. William Allen White's *Book of Kansas Stories* are impossibilities, because the phases of life they deal with are so alien to our experience that it would require rich and vivid treatment by the authors to make us realize them, to make us understand and sympathize; whereas in both books the authors' treatment seems to us thin and ineffectual, and certainly leaves us unmoved."

In short, "I do not understand the conditions of the life here depicted, I cannot read into the book anything between the lines. It seems to me only moderately successful." What was almost a consensus of American opinion declared that Mr. White *bad* treated Kansas life "richly and vividly." And is it not possible that both criticisms were honest and discerning?

How, for example, should a reviewer born and bred in Wheeling, West Virginia, judge of the accuracy of Mrs. Steel's *On the Face of the Waters*? First, because she had come to know her Kipling-India, and then because the book had been out in England some little time before its American publication. This gave time for an army of Anglo-Indians to write protesting letters to the newspapers. But as no letters came, it was fair for the reviewer—although she knew nothing of India, and less of the historical accuracy of Mrs. Steel's account of the Mutiny—to conclude that local color might be taken for granted, and that her judgment might proceed on somewhat broader lines.

There are times when instinct tells the reader that the "local color" is not accurate, and when she unhesitatingly labels the volume unconvincing. But a critic should recognize, as did the *Chronicle's* reviewer, as Mr. Crane's English critics do not, the limitations of being a foreigner.

Mr. Morley Roberts, in the *Humanitarian* for June, is wonderfully concerned about the physical disabilities of literary men, "creatures of the pen," as he calls them. "They wander in back streets, seclude themselves in bar-rooms, exhibit long hair in odorous boudoirs, mouth anæmic verse in soft arm-chairs, and have few physical attributes of the man of the open air. Imagine," he says, with the fine contempt of a man who has wielded a pick-axe in the Rockies,—"imagine a regiment of our poets opposed to the most wretched company of the loud-mouthed Greeks; conceive a brigade of actors recruited from the stages of the Strand in real combat with the Boers." A great national ordeal, he thinks, will banish these toy poets to the cupboard, and the country will rely on its drapers, apothecaries, and bricklayers. Certainly, it is hard enough to imagine Mr. Alfred Austin heading a raid into the Transvaal, even with the enjoyable prospect of being sung of in rhyme by Dr. Jameson afterwards. And it is quite conceivable that the London poet, as he passes from bar-room to boudoir,

"With an armful of girl
And a heart full of song,"

as Mr. Le Gallienne sympathetically puts it, may not look particularly well in a soldier's uniform. Why should he? He is a great deal more ornamental and amusing in a velvet coat and a meander-

ing necktie, mouthing his anæmic verse in a soft arm-chair. And really, in spite of his quiet manner, he is a very courageous fellow. For, as is proved by the universal teaching of all who have never been under fire, the courage to stand up and be shot at is a very small affair, and ought not to be called courage at all, properly. But the courage to pose as a genius and publish several volumes of minor verse is, for a weak-kneed, long-haired, curved-spine young man, something that approaches the divine. Mr. Roberts quite fails to understand the position of minor poets in our social economy. The Minor Poet exists for our enjoyment, not our use. He should be—to do him justice, he usually is—a sort of woman. He might wear skirts and braid his hair. The main thing is, that he should look as unlike a man as possible. And really the same thing applies to the great poets. Robert Browning froze the poetry out of many earnest souls by appearing fat and prosperous, and relishing his dinner, and talking of policies and shares. A well-dressed poet should be a contradiction of terms. We are speaking now of England. Here, in America, a poet has to justify himself, in the eyes of respectable people, by playing billiards or taking an interest in the tenement-house question. He is a sort of ticket-of-leave man, and a watchful public keeps a stern eye on his vagaries. It is only in England and France that a man can be a poet, and nothing else, without exciting comment, and any attempt to regulate the cut of his hair or clothes ought to meet with emphatic disapproval.

An Englishman, being asked which of our papers he considered most characteristically American, replied "*Life*,"—an answer which rather disposes of *Life's* own statement that England could not understand it. *Life* is indeed the only humorous paper of which we have any reason to be proud. In good sense and sobriety it stands absolutely alone. *Puck* and *Judge* are mere vulgar, screeching buffoons when placed by its side. No two papers have done more by their farcical extravagance to bring American humor into disrepute. *Life* has none of that insane passion for hunting jokes to death, for taking characters like the hotel clerk and the bicycling girl and grinding out a million absurdities about them, till the whole country is sick. *Life's* mirth is clean and always under control; when it is witty, and it often is, it is witty in a polished and easy fashion; and the whole tone of the paper is extremely pleasant and refined. No journal of its class has produced better artistic work. It is possible that *Life* will never mean as much to America as *Punch* does to England, but for all that it seems to us to be unquestionably the best comic paper in the world.

The latest issue of *The Dial* affords the spectacle of a poet inventing a new and ingenious scheme for

bookselling. In the advertising columns is found the following notice:

A NEW BOOK SENT FREE.

A new book of verse, issued by a well-known publishing house at one dollar, will be sent free to any address upon receipt of a postal-card request. If you wish to keep the book, sixty cents in stamps or money-order will make it yours. If you do not wish to keep it, return by mail, and the postage (four cents) is the price you will have paid for the privilege of reading a new book. Address F. A. L., Box 84, Evanston, Ill.

The buying of books by unknown poets has always been a venturesome thing, as little certain as the traditional purchase of a pig in a poke. Mr. F. A. L. is willing to submit this volume on approval. If the reader dislikes the verse, he has only risked four cents; and if he likes it, there is a seductive forty per cent discount tempting him to permanent possession of it. Many a poet has felt that could the public see his poems it would appreciate them. And the supposition is, that if a man likes a book of poetry, he wants to own it and re-read it. If that were not true, Mr. F. A. L. might only receive a certain but small revenue of four cents a copy.

The plan would probably not work so well in the case of fiction. The average novel is rarely re-read. There is, it is true, a large class, the intellectual *nouveaux riches*, who buy a considerable number of books simply to avoid reading them. Adornment of the library table and use as subjects of fluent and dilute conversation are the end to which these persons destine books, not reading. But the volumes which the world forces them to buy are by Mr. Crockett, Dr. Doyle, not slender volumes by some obscure F. A. L. If F. A. L. had written fiction, the best he could hope for would be the profits of a circulating library; those who read his book would not think it necessary to own it. So, in a way, it is better to be a poet.

Mr. John Lane is sometimes a refreshingly audacious publisher. He succeeds in persuading the authors who publish with him that any advertising in any form is desirable, induces them to lampoon each other, and then he prints the lampoons. His latest exploit is the announcement of a second "Bodley Booklet," entitled *The Quest of the Gilt-Edged Girl*, by Richard De Lyrienne. It will be remembered that Mr. Lane published Mr. H. D. Traill's *The Barbarous Britisbers, A Tip-Top Novel*, after bringing out Mr. Grant Allen's book. This only goes to prove our reiterated claim that the modern author prefers publicity to praise.

The choice of Mr. Bancroft for jubilee honors, as representative of the theatrical world, is a notably safe one. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft are the representatives, in the public mind, of the long success of the "teacup and saucer" drama. From 1865, when they opened the Prince of Wales Theatre in, Tottenham Court Road, with T. W. Robertson's *Society*, they have been engaged in elevating the

drama to the level of the British matron. It cannot be denied that at the time of their first production, *Society, Caste, Ours, School*, had vitality. They were pictures caught from the real life, and did much to rescue the theater from the chaotic condition which had preceded Robertson. Yet in time ænemia prevailed; the plays are dead, although this very night, at 8:20, in London, Mr. John Hare's admirable company wastes its strength and galvanizes the corpse of *Caste*. From an artistic movement came ultimately prudishness and stagnation. Mrs. Kendall, for example, instead of trusting to the admirable technique of her art as an actress, relied upon the equally admirable technique of her virtue as a British wife and mother. This point of view is a legacy of Robertson,—Robertson leading an existence prolonged past the proper time. And for this the Bancrofts have been largely responsible, of course for the most part as the unwitting tool of the British Matron.

For the finish and refinement of rather conventional acting Mr. Bancroft deserves honors; but it cannot but be a matter for regret that he did not use the influence of his position for something newer and more vital to the modern stage than revivals of Robertson and early Sardou comedies. His jubilee honor is a tribute as much to conventionality as to talent.

It appears that we were guilty of bestowing undue praise upon the Province of Ontario, when we lately asserted that there alone were any signs to be seen of a decrease in the reading of fiction. From some figures we obtain from *The Bookseller, Newsdealer and Stationer*, we find that the decrease in the publication of fiction has been very great this spring, and the supposition is that the reading of it is lessened throughout the whole country.

In the first six months of this year 455 novels and books of stories were published, of which 239 were new, the rest being reprints or new editions. The figures for the same period of 1896 were 317 new books, and 724 all told. Forty-six of the publishers of last year's list are unrepresented in this, which contains the names of only twenty-eight publishers not included last year, of whom, however, barely half a dozen are actually in the publishing business.

It will be gratifying to Boston to hear of the way in which Geneva, the home of Calvin, has endeavored, in its humble way, to have its Comedietta of the Bacchante. The *Rath-Museum* of that town sustains the role of the Boston Public Library, and *The Crouching Woman*, by Rodin, plays the part of Mr. MacMonnie's statue. The Genevese authorities were enabled to obtain, on very favorable terms, a casting of this work, and then refused to exhibit it, on the ground that it was indecent. There was a sharp, but unavailing, storm of protest from dis-

tinguished artists and critics, and Geneva delightedly held the attention of the moment, as had Boston before her.

It is announced that Dr. Nansen will make no less than \$150,000 out of *Fartbest North*. Editions have already appeared in England, Germany, France, and America, and the Dutch and Norwegian editions are just coming out. It would seem that Arctic exploration on funds partly furnished by the government or by subscription is not altogether an unprofitable undertaking. Indeed, it offers an excellent opening for young men, and we doubt not that before long ambitious youths will select it as a profession, in place of the law or the ministry.

A SUMMER'S DREAM

I

WHAT that dead summer was thou knowest well —
Thou knowest its sad joy, its joyous pain —

For pain or joy it cannot come again,
With bitter sweetness we alone could tell: —
Time when I only thought to say farewell,
To break the links of Love's long-during chain —
That I the stars should pass, and thou remain,
Held fast to earth by some malignant spell.

Procession of long days, and longer nights —
When suns rose mocking, and the moon was cold —
When Hope and I lay dying, as I thought,
Still could I bless Love's vanishing delights,
And reach pale hands to clasp him as of old,
Though each dread hour with Death's dismay was fraught.

II

So Summer, with her slow, reluctant feet,
Went by, and lingering smiled, as loth to part,
While fond delusions warmed my lonesome heart:—
Though lives were severed, wingèd dreams could meet;
So met we, dear, as bodiless spirits greet —
Met, and were blind, foreseeing not the smart
Of hopes that hope not, and of tears that start
From eyes that say what lips may not repeat.

One brief day here, then gone beyond the sun —
How short the way, how soon the goal is won —
So less or more of love why need we measure?
But Fate avenges pleasant things begun,
And Retribution spares not any one,
And no Gods pity those who steal their treasure.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

ON THE PROPOSED
ABOLITION OF DOGS

A DISTINGUISHED writer in the *London Chronicle*, the vehicle of "the things that are more excellent," not long ago put forth an original argument, which may be cut into the following theses: That man has tamed and befriended the dog, to his own jeopardy; that it were well now, and that a perfected society will see that it is well, in spite of all traditional sentiment which clings to the thought of the dog's companionship, in spite of his own great and acknowledged worth, to avenge, or to avert, the death of one child from rabies, by eradication of the offending species from the earth. At first blush, such a theory has almost the look of a grim and dim colossal joke, like Dean Swift's famous proposal to cook the surplus infant population in Ireland. But Mrs. Meynell is not joking: she is calmly and fairly announcing a verdict, with her usual pensive, attractive air of having thought it all out before you were born. And it is a very grave thing, this weighing of the long service and the endearing personality of a domesticated animal, to balance, in him, the commission, or even the capacity, of a crime against man which involves such horrible agony in the unit, and such mortal dread and disturbance in the aggregate. Now, what is the dog's case? He, in his excesses, is but vicarious: notoriously the creature of the people with whom he lives. It was once suggested that licenses to keep dogs should be granted to those alone who are able to bring them up in the moralities: the salutary social principle of Sparta narrowed to the kennel. Wise ladies seldom have daft pets, sitting smug and senile, goggle-eyed and vacant, in their laps. The ungoverned master owns the ungoverned mastiff. When the latter gets into the rowdy mood, being harassed, his "snap" is a literal translation of his exemplar's punch or kick, and no more. However vicious the biter, it may be said, and with great emphasis, that when fear is absent from the bite, the catastrophe commonly refuses to come off. Dealers in pedigree stock, attendants at bench shows, men most exposed to the danger in question, laugh at it as at a belated superstition. That an insane or criminal class may exist among dogs is allowed: else were they lacking in the art of imitation; but it would be difficult indeed to place it nearer than the streets of Constantinople, where a dog is as much of a vagrant and a castaway as "a dog of a Christian." "Mad" dogs, the world over, are dogs crazed, for the moment, by thirst, anxiety, or persecution, and these have been known to retaliate. The laws take small account, too, of a canine intention; that, however harmless the up-shot, is invariably construed at its worst, and sets thereby a fine premium on human cowardice. An

indiscreet pup, let us say, runs up a knoll where a woman-child is plucking clover, alone; and, charmed with the pastoral situation, proceeds to kiss her boots and her ear, and to execute a ballet-figure in between salutations. The woman-child roars; its alarmed mother, not far away, screams as the sophisticate world at the sight of Pan; there are footsteps, and faintings, and a lurid spread of excitement, during which the puppy continues to dance delightedly, until he is led away, with the stain upon his character of having frightened the poor little darling innocent almost to death! The fright, and the ignorant protest of fright, win the day. (Not so does the apple-round wee peasant in one of Maurice Boutet de Monvel's happiest drawings receive the impact of a stranger collie's long wet tongue, but rather with brave awe, and non-committal baby legs stiffened into an ogee arch, as something out of the eternal unknown, under demonstration. Clearly, here is one who, as dear M. Aurelius Antoninus recommends, endeavors to welcome everything that happens.) Again, a plumber comes to plumb in a Saint-Bernarded house. He has been told, on all sides, that the beast is not only gentle, but hospitable as a monk, and deplorably empty of the proper ideas of exclusion and discrimination, in his nominal office of warden. However, the too canny soul prefers not to enter the walk by the gate, but clambers over a shed, hoping thus, by aid of the trellis, to get into the back yard undetected by the resident giant. No sooner is his form on the roof than, attracted by the extraordinary spectacle, and roused to vigilance at last, said giant appears on the gallop, uplifting a challenging glance, and uttering, as he comes to a standstill, a sound which is like unto nothing save the rote of the sea. Plumber, after the orchestral strain, has no curiosity for developments, and will not wait to have the curtain rise: he shifts about, incontinently loses his balance, falls into the next area, and breaks some heroic bones. The whole matter goes before the court. The judge hears testimony of neighbors, testimony of carters, school-boys, postmen, even beggars. Plainly, the dog is a blameless dog, on his own estate or off; he has at no time before moved a hair to oppose the suspicious, the unusual; burglars have but to know him to love him dear. Nevertheless, as a matter of course obese damages are awarded to the acrobatic plaintiff. A dramatic imagination has filled his pocket, and a fit of the shivers, founded on defective premises, becomes more to him than much lead and many pipes. So stands our legal code: expedient, and iniquitous, and comic. Plead but timidity of dogs, or hatred of them, and the shameful blemish takes on, in many eyes, the look of public spirit and lofty self-respect. The "doggy" citizen, on the other hand, plays a losing game. He may play it for justice, not for dogs: none will believe his motive, nor rise to it. Sooner or later his loyal

attitude has the devil to pay. A growl, a paw on the shawl or trousers of the unwelcome, a Napoleonic occupation of a wagon of which master, in his present profession, is, as it happens, not at all in need—and shekels may still smooth over the ethic difficulty. But let there be a nip, an immaterial nip of rough sport or sheer equity, and capital punishment must follow, and dogdom be accursed and banned by the intemperate, whom we have always with us. Circumstances, agencies, which man hopes may color his deed at the divine assizes, that illiberal autocrat disallows as extenuation to the dog, who, according to Stevenson, is “but a little superior to him in virtue.” Since a dog, no matter how, has been the cause of the loss of a single child in the world, our poet-philosopher in *The Chronicle* would have all dogs annihilated, that all children may be the more secure. A common objection might well be, that, on land and water, dogs are continually saving children from death. Mrs. Meynell thinks that the statement would have greater accuracy if otherwise worded. For a life “saved” is but a prorogued death; no dog “saves” a child, except relatively. Quite so. But the rule reacts: and a life taken—a hydrophobic murder, to put the word at its Pasteur worst—is but a death precipitated. So convertible a plea destroys itself. No young life, which it is our most precious duty to protect and prolong, can be so precious as is the exercise of courage and control in the race, nor to be maintained at the cost of the growth of the mercy, loyalty, and rational tenderness which spring up wherever a man and a dog go down a hillside together. “La protection des faibles,” says Massillon, “est le seul usage légitime du crédit et de l'autorité.” It cannot be that the application of this fine saying is human only. The habit of converse with the brute creation is a singular school of piety; and, according to some expert observers, begets in right-tempered beings marked consideration and compassion towards their fellows. The love of animals, pushed to the ultimate analysis, is really a question of culture. Moreover, as it is, from its nature, abstract, disinterested, and extra-religious, it is, by so much, the more essential love, whether or not it be the finer principle. Let not policy part what romance hath joined! Maida, Boatswain, Dash, Diamond, gallant Boy, the colleagues of genius in English tradition, confer a glory, as well as share it. To walk modestly at a dog's heels is a certificate of merit. Teach him an inch of your excellence, he will take an ell; act or speak unguardedly, his dumb amaze confounds you; extreme circumspection will sit handsomely on one who is the vision of Providence to those gold-brown eyes. As for the menace in such companionship, if we go upon the argument used of the Hell in Seneca's *Troas*: it is real enough, since individual imaginations have given it body, and imposed it! Let it count for something that we invite and handle dan-

gers a thousand-fold more imminent, for mere whim's sake. The trolley-car is thought to be a modern convenience; sacred and unabridged, it reigns, the very Turk and Herod of babes. For various reasons, we abide war, weddings, the Welsh language, and posthumous cheese. Nor is it unconceivable that the Roman may yet survive, who could endure even the namelessly cruel fate of his own offspring, without conceiving a wish to exile man's best ideal of fidelity from the hearthstones of civilization.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

A BIT OF BOHEMIAN GLASS

A YOUNG woman let herself into the room with a latch-key, and taking off her boa, looked at the fire. She stirred the dull coals, filled the half-empty grate, put the blower on, and sank into a chair with her hands behind her head. Then, becoming conscious that she still had on her hat, she jumped up with a half laugh at her absent-mindedness. “I think I'm losing my mind,” she said to herself; “or else I'm in love! Love!” she repeated with an odd little laugh. “I! O, no; the day of miracles is over! But I'm tired, so deadly tired, to-night, and lonely. Look here, Natalie,” she went on with a change of tone, “this will never do, never! One might think you were a lonely little child, instead of an independent young woman. What would the managing editor say to see such a collapse of the pride of the *Planet*? Well, it is reaction and hunger,” she continued philosophically, “and I shall have some coffee.”

From a beer-stein on the mantel she drew forth a burner, which she put over the gas, placing thereon a small tin kettle; then seated herself by a low table bearing a coffee equipment. Into the delft pot she poured the coffee-grounds with reckless prodigality, and was re-covering the caddy when there came a knock at the door.

A man came into the room; she did not turn her head.

“Am I mal-apropos?” he asked; “the boy told me to come up.”

Miss Morris turned around: “Is it you, Jack? come in, of course! I thought it was the man bringing coals. Sit down and have some coffee. You have dined, of course?”

“Thank you, yes. Here, dear, the kettle is boiling. Let me do it,” as she was about to reach for the water. “I can make famous coffee—I am in demand at the Parnassus Club whenever coffee is wanted! Do you expect to sleep any to-night?” he went on, “this will be strong enough to knock you out of running!”

“I'm out now, thank you,” she said lightly; “perhaps it will be the other way and send me back again.”

Drayton regarded her keenly a second. "What is the matter?"

"Matter? Nothing!" She rose as she spoke and took the blower from the fire. "I am tired, that is all."

"You were not at the Grahams' last night," Drayton said irrelevantly.

"Busy!" Miss Morris remarked succinctly.

"Nor at the Sandersons' the night before."

"Busy," she repeated.

Drayton compressed his lips before he spoke again. "Is it always to be this way?"

"I hope so," stirring her coffee. "I am too busy now to be social,—that is, to make engagements. I have declined things systematically for a month. The coffee is delicious, Jack! It saves my life."

"What did you have for dinner?" the man asked suddenly.

"Have n't had any!"

"What!"

"I had only a dollar, and one of the girls is quite ill, so I spent that in flowers for her. Do n't look so horrified, Jack; it is nothing!"

"My dear, my dear," Drayton exclaimed, "Why do you do it?" To think of your having had no dinner! Come out with me at once and have some," he said, rising. "Get your things."

But Miss Morris did not move.

"Jack dear, I would not go out for the best dinner that ever was served! Sit down. I do n't mind not dining; I was used to it once," she went on brightly, with unconscious pathos.

"Natalie, you defy us all—every one who would help you! Me, your brother, every one!"

"Jack," she broke in, "I want you to listen! I do n't go without, now; I did once, more than any one will ever know, but to-night I could have borrowed money easily. My credit is quite good, Jack, though you may not believe it, and I am regarded as a rising light in journalism! Even I, who was supposed to know nothing, and to be merely a social butterfly!"

"You reversed the order of things pretty well," the man said grimly. "You have turned yourself into a grub!"

"Perhaps. But my cocoon is n't half bad to look at, is it? and so comfortable! And I have earned it all myself, you know. Everything here is full of association. See, here is a new picture of Calvé—she autographed it after the luncheon last Sunday. What a fascinating woman she is!"

"Natalie, what made you do it?" Drayton asked.

"Do what?"

"Cut the old life and take up this? Why do you hold yourself aloof?"

"I do n't hold myself aloof, Jack. It is only that I am busy now; you scarcely know what that means. And after what happened, how could I help cutting the old life?"

"Your brother wanted you to live with him."

"Yes, but it was impossible! After the crash came, and papa died, I thought until I nearly went mad. Paul did want me, but pride is my besetting sin. My brother had not a penny of his own, and was being supported by his wife. I do n't mean to criticise him," she exclaimed, "but I could not live with Paul and be indebted to his wife for the money I put in the church plate! My relatives wanted me, and two men asked me to marry them. They were in love with me, I think, but it was a very chivalrous thing for them to do. And the man whom I would have married would not ask me then."

"Natalie!"

"You did not know, did you? No one did. But I was really very much in love, and he would undoubtedly have proposed to me if we had not gone to pieces. But later, when I saw him, he intimated delicately that while his income was comfortable for one, it was not large enough for two—to live as he liked! No doubt I had a very lucky escape," she continued with the same calm voice, her eyes fixed on the fire, "but I did not think so then,—not for a long while!"

"He ought to have been cowed!"

"Really, he was not worth it, Jack. And he has since married a woman who bullies him frightfully. I quite pity him, for he preferred to do the bullying himself. And I—well, years ago I had written in my copy-book that work was a panacea for all ills, and I determined to try it. They all jeered at me, of course, but I did not mind. I had a frightful grind at first, and hungry—how hungry I have been! It was the suppers I had at cotillions that kept me going at that time," she said reflectively; "for though I expected the old set to cut me when I began living in Bohemia, they invited me as much as ever. I think they regarded me in the light of a freak, and I amused them. That's all they wanted."

"My dear,"—Drayton was pacing the floor restlessly,—“have you any idea how your words hurt me?"

"They need not, Jack. All that is past, and it has done me good. I am a much better and broader woman for what I have been through, and there is great satisfaction and happiness in my life. It is mine; I made it without a 'pull,' alone, and I am proud of it. But you won't meet me about as often now, for I am busy all the time. I am the 'star' woman of the *Planet*,—fancy; and I am as likely to be in Washington to-morrow night, or on my way to Europe, as I am to be here. I was six years doing it, Jack, but I have succeeded."

"And you are twenty-eight!"

"And I am twenty-eight!"

"Do you expect to live this way always?"

"A bachelor maid? O, no, probably not; I may chum with another like myself after a time—"

in any event I shall grow old and evolve into a bachelor woman!"

"Why not evolve into a married woman?"

"Eh?"

"Suppose you marry me, instead!"

"Marry you, Jack!"

"Does the idea seem so astonishing? I won't bully you; you may —" Drayton lost the light tone. He stood before her, holding out his hand almost timidly. "I love you, Natalie! You never suspected it, did you? I tried so hard to make you think of me only as an old friend, for fear you would send me away with the others. But lately I have wanted you to know."

"Jack —"

"Ah, wait," he implored. "I wanted to tell you at the first, but I was afraid. You wanted to prove you could do something; you would not be satisfied until you had accomplished it, and only a man whom you loved very deeply could have turned you from the resolve. I knew you did not love me. But it turned me sick to think of a delicate young girl carrying on the fight that you were!"

"Jack dear —"

"Let me finish, Natalie; do, dear. You do not know how I have controlled myself for years. And you do not know how all the time I followed your career. Once I tried to help you by getting you advanced faster on the paper, but you refused the offer —"

"Was it you who did that?" the woman broke in. "I knew it was some one's pull; that is why I refused!"

"I did n't try again. I only waited and hoped. All this past year, Natalie, ever since you justified yourself, I have been trying to teach you to love me. Probably I've been clumsy about it. When one's heart and mind are set on one thing, it cannot always be done with judgment. But if you do n't love me now, give me another chance to teach you. I suppose it seems Quixotic to ask a woman to abandon a career when she is on the outset of one, but I do believe, dear, there is no career in the world that can bring to a woman the happiness a man can if she loves him!"

"I know that," Miss Morris said slowly.

"I have tried to be patient," Drayton went on, "while you proved what you could do. But that is done now, dear; will you give it all up for me?"

"Poor Jack!" Miss Morris hesitated. "I wish I loved you, Jack! I would throw over the whole thing to-night if I did. No woman's life is rounded out as long as she lives alone and for herself. That sounds odd, coming from me, I suppose, but it is so; I know. But I can't marry you, Jack. I am too proud. I do n't love you; not that way. If I did, I should like to be dependent upon you, to feel that I was indebted to you for everything; but as I am, it would be unbearable. Why, I have not a

cent in the world, Jack; not one! If I should marry, my husband would have to give me my pocket handkerchiefs, and it either makes a woman supremely happy to be so dependent upon a man, or it degrades her, and I should feel degraded."

"Natalie!"

"I do not mean to hurt you, Jack, and I am very fond of you, dear. I love you far better than I do Paul; but I could n't live with Paul, you know," with a feeble attempt at a smile.

"It is so different —" Drayton broke in.

"Yes, it is different, and it is the same too. You will see that presently. I — I wish this had not happened, Jack. I care for so few people; I do not want to lose you."

"But is it hopeless?"

"Yes, dear; for, try as I might, I could not make it different. Sometimes I think my capacity for loving was exhausted in my one affair, for I have never felt that way toward any man since."

"You love him still!" Drayton exclaimed jealously.

"No," Miss Morris contradicted quietly. "You may not believe me, but I am as indifferent to him as to any stranger. But he simply seems to have killed my power of loving."

Drayton looked at the woman a moment dumbly, and then rose.

"I am going," he said. "Good-by."

"You will come back again some time?" Miss Morris asked.

"Later," he said with an effort; "after a time."

"Dear old Jack." She stood facing him and put her face a moment on his arm. "I am so tired, dear, and so lonely. I do not want you to go, but I cannot ask you to stay!"

He stroked her hair quietly.

"We are odd people," he said, "and I understand you. I cannot make your loneliness less, although I would give anything to do it; but I cannot wish that any other man should!"

"That is the pity of it. No one can. Good-by!"

She heard the door close and she stood blankly with a curious ache she did not quite understand. The coffee-cup was still half full, and mechanically she picked it up and drained it. Was it always to be so? was she always to lose the people who cared for her? what was it that made it impossible for her to hold her friends?

Another rap at the door roused her, and this time she opened it herself. A shade of annoyance passed over her face as she saw her visitor.

"Ah, Mr. Howland! Will you come in?"

"Thank you. I am singularly fortunate in finding you," the man said as he entered.

"I am rather a difficult person to catch," Miss Morris remarked. "Some of my friends do n't understand why I do n't have a 'day.' They cannot grasp the fact that the time of a newspaper-woman is not her own to appoint."

"No," Mr. Howland agreed absently. "I—I wanted to see you about something rather special," he continued.

"Yes?" Visions of "notices" in the Sunday edition floated before Miss Morris's brain; she knew Howland's weakness for seeing his name in print. "What is it?"

Her guest hesitated a moment. "I want you to marry me," he said.

"What!" Miss Morris was sitting upright now on the chair she had been lounging in, and regarded the man with undisguised amazement.

"Yes, I know," he said hurriedly, "but I'm not drunk or crazy. It is this way: I admire you very much, Miss Morris. I might say I was madly in love with you, but that is n't so. I never was in love in my life, and I do n't think I can be, judging from the men I've known who were. And I do n't for an instant fancy you are in love with me,—O, no; but I think we can hit it off together all right!"

"What for?" the woman demanded.

"Why should we?" Well, why should n't we?"

"I fail to see any reason either way," Miss Morris said suavely.

"I had much better be frank about it!" Howland exclaimed. "Well, this is my reason: I've quite a bit of money, Miss Morris, and I'm making more all the time. I am a gentleman bred, I hope, as well as born," he interjected with no braggadocio, "but my family has gone to seed. Until two years ago I had the hardest kind of a grind. I do n't know anybody,—anybody I want to," he amended, "and I'm not a clever chap who can go in for books and that sort of thing, and so I'm pretty well stranded."

"A curious state for a rich man to be in," Miss Morris remarked cynically.

"You mean that I might do as other men about town? True, but it does n't appeal to me somehow! Well, if I'm not intellectual, all that is left for me is society —"

"Society would feel complimented at your tone!"

"It will not hear, and I do not underrate it, I assure you. Quite the contrary! I want to get into society, into the smart set, you understand. That is why I want to marry you. That sounds rather brutal, but, believe me, I do not mean it so. I really have a great regard for you, Miss Morris, and the most intense admiration for your pluck. I know what the world is when it is to be fought and conquered."

"And you want to marry me because you with your money can support the social position which I may have given up."

"That is it," he said quietly. "It seems to me we can make an arrangement that would suit. I do n't pretend to talk about love,"—he broke off,— "because neither of us feel it."

"You are quite right," the woman said coldly; "if you did, I should not listen."

"I want an establishment with a lady at the head of it—I want you there. In return for what you will do, I want to make you perfectly independent of me in money matters. Every year I will put to your account a certain sum of money, large enough to pay your personal expenses and give you pocket-money. I think it would make you more comfortable not to have to ask me for money."

Miss Morris roused herself. "Yes," she said.

"You shall be free to come and go—to make any engagements. Live the life of a society woman, that is all, and give me the position of a society man." The man finished speaking and waited, but the silence was unbroken. A clock somewhere struck the half-hour, but there was no other sound. "Miss Morris?" he said at last.

"Pardon me, I had forgotten you were waiting. You want to know if I agree? Yes, I do; though I want to tell you that only for a reason like yours would I marry any man. A woman whose spirit is as independent as mine, Mr. Howland, has a truly difficult time. I could take no man's money (if I did not love him), unless I gave an equivalent for it, and the time has come when I have lost my grip on my work." She stopped to give Howland an opportunity of speaking, but he said nothing, and she continued: "I can see now that the reason I worked as I did and succeeded was in order to show that I could; now that the fact is proved, my heart is out of it. I do not care for it, or myself, or—any one, not in the least. I feel like a bit of cracked glass that does not ring true any more."

"You are all used up, and I am going," Howland said, rising, "but I want to thank you. And may I come again to-morrow?"

"About five; yes. It is good of you to go. I am very tired!"

As Howland went out, he stood aside to admit a boy. "Here is something for you," he said, and went away.

The boy handed Miss Morris a note, and placed a covered tray on the table. She opened the envelope, while the messenger busied himself in uncovering a dainty little supper,—a couple of birds from which the steam was yet rising, a crisp salad, and a bottle of wine. Then he stood awaiting orders. And Miss Morris was reading for the second time: "My dear,—Eat the supper, though you may not want it. I cannot ask you to do it for my sake, for that would weigh nothing with you, but perhaps because my heart aches at the thought of your loneliness. Let me feel I have looked after you a little,—so very little, in the face of what I should like. If you want anything, send word by the boy. I shall be at the club waiting. JACK."

A great wave of feeling surged over her. She clutched the note tightly, and caught her breath.

She understood the loneliness now,—the reason of it. The unexpected proof of Drayton's care for her, when she had believed him gone, came to her with a force and conviction she had never felt before. Her face was burning, and in her heart was a curious pain that almost suffocated her.

"Any answer, ma'am?"

It was a moment before Miss Morris could steady her voice.

"Yes," she said.

She sat at her desk and took out a piece of paper. Later she remembered that it was "copy" paper, and hitherto she had been careful not to use it in correspondence, but now she did not notice, and began to write feverishly:

"I want *you*, Jack, right away, now! It is all a mistake—it is n't like Paul in the least,—not in the least, and I've found it out in time, thank God! I'm keeping the supper until you can come and help me eat it, and I'll ask you for pocket-handkerchiefs ten times a week, if you like, and be perfectly happy in doing it. Only come—

"NATALIE."

She sealed and directed the note hurriedly, and a great blot fell on the envelope—but she let it go: "Take this and hurry," she said. "Here," slipping a coin into his hand, "this will make you go faster!" And as the door closed after him, she turned and put the birds down on the fender, where they would keep warm.

EDITH CARRUTH.

GOD BLESS YOU, DEAR, TO-DAY!

IF there be graveyards in the heart
From which no roses spring,
A place of wrecks and old gray tombs
From which no birds take wing,
Where linger buried hopes and dreams
Like ghosts among the graves,
Why, buried dreams are dismal things,
And lonely ghosts are knaves!
If there come dreary winter days,
When summer roses fall
And lie, forgot, in withered drifts
Along the garden wall;
If all the wreaths a lover weaves
Turn thorns upon the brow,—
Then out upon the silly fool
Who makes not merry now!
For if we cannot keep the past,
Why care for what's to come?
The instant's prick is all that stings,
And then the place is numb.
If Life's a lie and Love's a cheat,
As I have heard men say,
Then here's a health to fond deceit—
God bless you, dear, to-day!

JOHN BENNETT.

WHAT MAISIE KNEW

By HENRY JAMES

XXVI

NOTHING so dreadful, of course, could be final or even, for many minutes, provisional: they rushed together again too soon for either to feel that either had kept it up, and though they went home in silence it was with a vivid perception, for Maisie, that her companion's hand had closed upon her. That hand had shown, altogether, these twenty-four hours, a new capacity for closing, and one of the truths the child could least resist was that a certain greatness had now come to Mrs. Wix. The case was indeed that the quality of her motive surpassed the sharpness of her angles; both the combination and the singularity of which things, when, in the afternoon, they used the carriage, Maisie could borrow from the contemplative hush of their grandeur the freedom to feel to the utmost. She still bore the mark of the tone in which her friend had thrown out that threat of never losing sight of her. This friend had been converted, in short, from feebleness to force; and it was the light of her present power that showed from how far she had come. The threat in question, sharply exultant, might have produced defiance; but before anything so ugly could happen another process had insidiously forestalled it. The moment at which this process had begun to mature was that of Mrs. Wix's breaking out with a dignity attuned to their own apartments, and with an advantage now measurably gained. They had ordered coffee, after luncheon, in the spirit of Sir Claude's provision, and it was served to them, while they awaited their equipage, in the white and gold saloon. It was flanked moreover with a couple of liqueurs, and Maisie felt that Sir Claude could scarce have been taken more at his word had it been followed by anecdotes and cigarettes. The influence of these luxuries was, at any rate, in the air; it seemed to her, while she tiptoed at the chimney-glass, pulling on her gloves and, with a motion of her head, shaking a feather into place, to have had something to do with Mrs. Wix's suddenly saying: "Have n't you really and truly *any* moral sense?"

Maisie was aware that her answer, though it brought her down to her heels, was vague even to imbecility, and that this was the first time she had appeared to practice with Mrs. Wix an intellectual inaptitude to meet her—the infirmity to which she had owed so much success with papa and mamma. The appearance did her injustice, for it was not less through her candour than through her playfellow's pressure that, after this, the idea of a moral sense mainly coloured their intercourse. She began, the poor child, with scarcely knowing what it was; but it proved something that, with scarce an outward

sign save her surrender to the swing of the carriage, she could, before they came back from their drive, strike up a sort of acquaintance with. The beauty of the day only deepened, and the splendour of the afternoon sea, and the haze of the far headlands, and the taste of the sweet air. It was the coachman indeed who, smiling and cracking his whip, turning in his place, pointing to invisible objects and uttering unintelligible sounds — all, our tourists recognized, strict features of a social order principally devoted to language; it was this polite person, I say, who made their excursion fall so much short that their return left them still a stretch of the long daylight and an hour that, at his obliging suggestion, they spent, on foot, on the shining sands. Maisie had seen the *plage* the day before with Sir Claude, but that was a reason the more for showing, on the spot, to Mrs. Wix, that it was, as she said, another of the places on her list and of the things of which she knew the French name. The bathers, so late, were absent, and the tide was low; the sea-pools twinkled in the sunset, and there were dry places, as well, where they could sit again and admire and expatiate: a circumstance that, while they listened to the lap of the waves, gave Mrs. Wix a fresh fulcrum for her challenge. "Have you absolutely none at all?"

She had no need now, as to the question itself at least, to be specific; that, on the other hand, was the eventual result of their quiet conjoined apprehension of the thing that — well, yes, since they must face it — Maisie absolutely and appallingly had so little of. This marked more particularly the moment of the child's perceiving that her friend had risen to a level which might — till superseded, at all events — pass almost for sublime. Nothing more remarkable had taken place in the first heat of her own departure, no phenomenon of perception more inscrutable by our rough method, than her vision, the rest of that Boulogne day, of the manner in which she figured. I so despair of tracing her steps that I must crudely give you my word for its being, from this time on, a picture literally present to her. Mrs. Wix saw her as a little person knowing so extraordinarily much that, for the account to be taken of it, what she still did not know would be ridiculous if it had not been embarrassing. Mrs. Wix was in truth more than ever qualified to meet embarrassment; I am not sure that Maisie had not even a dim discernment of the queer law of her own life that made her educate to that sort of proficiency those elders with whom she was concerned. She promoted, as it were, their development: nothing could have been more marked, for instance, than her success in promoting Mrs. Beale's. She judged that if her whole history, for Mrs. Wix, had been the successive stages of her knowledge, so the very climax of the concatenation would, in the same view, be the stage at which the knowledge should overflow. As she was condemned to know more and more, how could

it logically stop before she should know Most? It came to her, in fact, as they sat there on the sands, that she was distinctly on the road to know Everything. She had not had governesses for nothing: what in the world had she ever done but learn and learn and learn? She looked at the pink sky with a placid foreboding that she soon would have learnt All. They lingered in the flushed air till at last it turned to grey, and she seemed fairly to receive new information from every brush of the breeze. By the time they moved homeward it was as if, for Mrs. Wix, this inevitability had become a long, tense cord, twitched by a nervous hand, on which the counted pearls of intelligence were to be neatly strung.

In the evening, upstairs, they had another strange session, as to which Maisie could not afterwards have told you whether it was bang in the middle or quite at the beginning that her companion sounded with fresh emphasis the note of the moral sense. What mattered was merely that she did exclaim, and again, as at first appeared, most disconnectedly: "God help me, it does seem to peep out!" Oh, the queer confusions that had wooed it at last to such peeping! — none so queer, however, as the words of woe, and it might verily be said of rage, in which the poor lady bewailed the tragic end of her own rich ignorance. There was a point at which she seized the child and hugged her as close as in the old days of partings and returns; at which she was visibly at a loss how to make up to such a victim for such contaminations; appealing, as to what she had done and was doing, in bewilderment, in explanation, in supplication, for reassurance, for pardon and even, outright, for pity.

"I do not know what I've said to you, my own: I do not know what I'm saying or what the turn you've given my life has rendered me, heaven forgive me, capable of saying. Have I lost all delicacy, all decency, all measure of how far and how bad? — It seems to me, mostly, that I have, though I'm the last of whom you ever would have thought it. I've just done it for *you*, precious — not to lose you, which would have been worst of all: so that I've had to pay, with my own innocence — if you do laugh! — for clinging to you and keeping you. Do not let me pay for nothing; do not let me have been thrust for nothing into such horrors and such shames. I never knew anything about them, and I never wanted to know! Now I know too much, too much!" — the poor woman lamented and groaned. "I know so much that, with hearing such talk, I ask myself where I am; and, with uttering it too, which is worse, say to myself that I'm far, too far, from where I started! I ask myself what I should have thought, with my lost one, if I had heard myself cross the line! There are lines I've crossed with *you* that I should have fancied I had come to a pretty pass —!" She gasped at the mere supposition. "I've gone from one thing to another, and all for the real love of you;

and now what would any one say—I mean any one but *them*—if they were to hear the way I go on? I've had to keep up with you, have n't I?—and therefore what could I do less than look to you to keep up with *me*? But it's not *them* that are the worst—by which I mean to say it's not *him*: it's your dreadfully base papa and the one person in the world whom he could have found, I do believe—and she's not the Countess, Duck!—wickedder than himself. While they were about it, at any rate, since they *were* ruining you, they might have done it so as to spare an honest woman. Then I should n't have had to do—whatever it is that's the worst: throw up at you the badness you have n't taken in, or find my advantage in the vileness you *have*! What I did lose patience at this morning was at how it was without your seeming to condemn—for you did n't, you remember!—you yet did seem to *know*. Thank God in his mercy, at last, *if* you do!"

The night, this time, was warm, and one of the windows stood open to the small balcony, over the rail of which, on coming up from dinner, Maisie had hung a long time in the enjoyment of the chatter, the lights, the life of the quay made brilliant by the season and the hour. Mrs. Wix's requirements had drawn her in from this posture and Mrs. Wix's embrace had detained her, even though, midway in the outpouring, her confusion and sympathy had permitted, or rather had positively helped, her to disengage herself. But the casement was still wide, the spectacle, the pleasure was still there, and from her place in the room, which, with its polished floor and its panels of elegance, was lighted from without more than from within, the child could still take account of them. She appeared to watch and listen; after which she answered Mrs. Wix with a question. "If I do know—?"

"If you do condemn." The correction was made with some austerity.

It had the effect of causing Maisie to heave a vague sigh of oppression, and then, after an instant and as if under cover of this ambiguity, to pass out again upon the balcony. She hung again over the rail; she felt the summer night; she dropped down into the manners of France. There was a café below the hotel, before which, with little chairs and tables, people sat on a space enclosed by plants in tubs; and the impression was enriched by the flash of the white aprons of waiters and the music of a man and a woman who, from beyond the precinct, sent up the strum of a guitar and the drawl of a song about "amour." Maisie knew what "amour" meant too, and wondered if Mrs. Wix did: Mrs. Wix remained within, as still as a mouse and perhaps not reached by the performance. After a while, but not till the musicians had ceased and begun to circulate with a little plate, her pupil came back to her. "Is it a crime?" Maisie then asked.

Mrs. Wix was as prompt as if she had been crouching in a lair. "Branded by the Bible."

"Well, he won't commit a crime."

Mrs. Wix looked at her gloomily. "He's committing one now."

"Now?"

"In being with her."

Maisie had it on her tongue's end to return once more: "But now he's free"; she remembered, however, in time, that one of the things she had known for the last entire hour was that this made no difference. After that, and as if to turn the right way, she was on the point of a blind dash, a weak reversion to the reminder that it might make a difference, might diminish the crime, for Mrs. Beale; till such a reflection was, in its order, also quashed by the visibility in Mrs. Wix's face, of the collapse produced by her inference from her pupil's manner that, after all her pains, her pupil did n't even yet adequately understand. Never so much as when just so confronted had Maisie wanted to understand, and all her thought, for a minute, centered in the effort to come out with something which should be a disproof of her simplicity. "Just trust me, dear: that's all!"—she came out finally with that; and it was perhaps a good sign of her action that, with a long, impartial moan, Mrs. Wix floated her to bed.

There was no letter the next morning from Sir Claude—which Mrs. Wix let out that she deemed the worst of omens; yet it was just for the quieter communion they so got from him that, when after the coffee and rolls which made them more foreign than ever, it came to going forth for fresh drafts upon his credit, they wandered again up the hill to the rampart instead of plunging with the crowd on the sands into distraction or with the semi-nude bathers into the sea. They gazed once more at their gilded Virgin; they sank once more upon their battered bench; they felt once more their distance from the Regent's Park. At last Mrs. Wix became definite about their friend's silence: "He *is* afraid of her! She has forbidden him to write." The fact of his fear Maisie already knew; but her companion's mention of it had at this moment two unexpected results. The first was her wondering, in dumb remonstrance, how Mrs. Wix, with a devotion not, after all, inferior to her own, could put into such an allusion such a grimness of derision; the second was that she found herself suddenly drop into a deeper view of it. She too had been afraid, as we have seen, of the people of whom Sir Claude was afraid, and by that law she had had her due measure of latent apprehension of Mrs. Beale. What occurred at present, however, was that, whereas this sympathy appeared vain as for him, the ground of it loomed dimly as a reason for selfish alarm. That uneasiness had not carried her far before Mrs. Wix spoke again, and with an abruptness so great as almost to seem irrelevant. "Has it never occurred to you to be jealous of her?"

It never had, in the least; yet the words were scarce in the air before Maisie had jumped at them. She held them well, she looked at them hard; at last she brought out with an assurance which there was no one, alas, but herself to admire: "Well, yes — since you ask me." She hesitated, then continued: "Lots of times!"

Mrs. Wix glared, an instant, askance; such approval as her look expressed was not wholly unqualified. It expressed, at any rate, something that presumably had to do with her saying once more: "Yes, he's afraid of her."

Maisie heard, and it had afresh its effect on her, even through the blur of the attention now required by the possibility of that idea of jealousy — a possibility created only by her feeling that she had thus found the way to show she was not simple. It stuck out of Mrs. Wix that this lady still believed her moral sense to be interested and feigned; so what could be such a gage of her sincerity as a peep of the most restless of the passions? Such a revelation would baffle discouragement, and discouragement was in fact so baffled that, helped in in some degree by the mere intensity of their need to hope, which also, according to its nature, sprang from the dark portent of the absent letter, the real pitch of their morning was reached by the note, not of mutual scrutiny, but of unprecedented frankness. There were broodings indeed and silences, and Maisie sank deeper into the vision that, for her friend, she was, at the most, superficial, and that also, positively, she was the more so the more she tried to appear complete. Was the sum of all knowledge only to know how little, in this presence, one would ever reach it? The answer to that question luckily lost itself in the brightness suffusing the scene as soon as Maisie had thrown out, in regard to Mrs. Beale, such a remark as she had never dreamed she should live to make. "If I thought she was unkind to him — I do n't know *what* I should do!"

Mrs. Wix dropped one of her squints; she even confirmed it by a wild grunt. "I know what I should!"

Maisie, at this, felt that she lagged. "Well, I can think of *one* thing."

Mrs. Wix more directly challenged her. "What is it then?"

Maisie met her expression as if it were a game with forfeits for winking. "I'd *kill* her!" That, at least, she hoped as she looked away, would guarantee her moral sense! She looked away, but her companion said nothing for so long that she at last turned her head again. Then she saw the straighteners all blurred with tears which, after a little, seemed to have sprung from her own eyes. There were tears, in fact, on both sides of the spectacles, and they were even so thick that it was presently all Maisie could do to make out through them that slowly, finally, Mrs. Wix put forth a hand.

It was the material pressure that settled that, and even, at the end of some minutes, more things besides. It settled in its own way one thing, in particular, which, though often, between them, heaven knows, hovered round and hung over, was yet to be established without the shadow of an attenuating smile. Oh, there was no gleam of levity, as little of humour as of deprecation, in the long time they now sat together or in the way in which, at some unmeasured point of it, Mrs. Wix became distinct enough for her own dignity and yet not loud enough for the snoozing old women.

"I adore him. I adore him."

Maisie took it well in; so well that in a moment more she would have answered, profoundly, "So do I!" But before that moment passed something took place that brought other words to her lips; nothing more, very possibly, than the closer consciousness, in her hand, of the significance of Mrs. Wix's. Their hands remained linked in unutterable sign of their union, and what Maisie at last said was, simply and serenely: "Oh, I know!"

Their hands were so linked and their union was so confirmed that it took the far, deep note of a bell, borne to them on the summer air, to call them back to a sense of hours and proprieties. They had touched bottom and melted together, but they gave a start at last; the bell was the voice of the inn, and the inn was the image of luncheon. They should be late for it; they got up; and their quickened step, on the return, had something of the swing of confidence. When they reached the hotel the *table d'hôte* had begun: this was clear from the threshold, clear from the absence, in the hall and on the stairs, of the "personnel," as Mrs. Wix said — she had picked *that* up — all collected in the dining-room. They mounted to their apartments for a brush before the glass, and it was Maisie who, in passing and from a vain impulse, threw open the white and gold door. She was thus first to utter the sound that brought Mrs. Wix almost on top of her, as, by the other accident, it would have brought her on top of Mrs. Wix. It had, at any rate, the effect of leaving them bunched together in a strained stare at their new situation. This situation had put on, in a flash, the bright form of Mrs. Beale: she stood there, in her hat and her jacket, amid bags and shawls, smiling and holding out her arms. If she had just arrived it was a different figure from either of the two that, for *their* benefit, wan and tottering and none too soon to save life, the Channel had recently disgorged. She was as lovely as the day that brought her over, as fresh as the luck and the health that attended her: it came to Maisie on the spot that she was more beautiful than she had ever been. All this was too quick to count, but there was still time in it to give the child the sense of what had kindled the light. That leaped out of the open arms, the open eyes, the open mouth; it

leaped out with Mrs. Beale's loud cry at her —
 "I'm free, I'm free!"

XXVII

The greatest wonder of all was the way Mrs. Beale addressed her announcement, so far as could be judged, equally to Mrs. Wix, who, as if from a sudden failure of strength, sank into a chair, while Maisie surrendered to the visitor's embrace. As soon as the child was liberated she met, with profundity, Mrs. Wix's stupefaction and actually was able to see that, while, in a manner, sustaining the encounter, her face yet seemed, with intensity, to say: "Now, for God's sake, do n't crow, 'I told you so!'" Maisie was somehow, on the spot, aware of an absence of disposition to crow: it had taken her but an extra minute to arrive at such a quick survey of the objects surrounding Mrs. Beale as showed that among them was no appurtenance of Sir Claude's. She knew his dressing-bag now — oh, with the fondest knowledge! — and there was an instant during which its not being there was a stroke of the worst news. She was yet to learn what it could be to recognize, in some perception of a gap, the sign of extinction, and therefore remained unaware that this momentary pang was a foretaste of the experience of death. It passed, in a flash, of course, with Mrs. Beale's brightness and with her own instant appeal. "You've come alone?"

"Without Sir Claude?" Strangely, Mrs. Beale looked even brighter. "Yes — in the eagerness to get at you. You abominable little villain!" — and her step-mother, laughing clear, administered to her cheek a pat that was partly a pinch. "What were you up to and what did you take me for? But I'm glad to be abroad, and, after all, it's you who have shown me the way. I might n't, without you, have been able to come: that is, so soon. Well, here I am, at any rate, and in a moment more I should have begun to worry about you. This will do very well" — she was good-natured about the place and even presently added that it was charming. Then, with a rosier glow, she made again her great point: "I'm free — I'm free!" Maisie made, on her side her own: she carried back her gaze to Mrs. Wix, whom amazement continued to hold; she drew, afresh, her old friend's attention to the superior way she did n't take that up. What she did take up, the next minute, was the question of Sir Claude. "Where is he? Won't he come?"

Mrs. Beale's consideration of this oscillated, with a smile, between the two expectancies with which she was flanked: it was conspicuous, it was extraordinary, her unblinking acceptance of Mrs. Wix, a miracle of which Maisie had even now begun to read a reflection in that lady's long visage. "He'll come, but we must *make* him!" she gaily brought out.

"Make him?" Maisie echoed.

"We must give him time—we must play our cards."

"But he promised us—awfully," Maisie replied.

"My dear child, he has promised *me* awfully: I mean lots of things, and not—in every case—kept his promise to the letter." Mrs. Beale's good-humour insisted on taking for granted Mrs. Wix's, to whom her attitude had suddenly grown prodigious. "I daresay he has done the same with you and not always come to time. But he makes it up in his own way; and it is n't as if we did n't know exactly what he is. There's one thing he is," she went on, "which makes everything else only a question, for us, of tact." They scarce had time to wonder what this was before it was, as they might have said, right there. "He's as free as I am!"

"Yes—I know," said Maisie; as if, however, independently weighing the value of that. She really weighed also the oddity of her step-mother's treating it as news to *her*, who had been the first person, literally, to whom Sir Claude had mentioned it. For a few seconds, as if with the sound of it in her ears, she stood with him again, in memory and in the twilight, in the hotel garden at Folkestone.

Anything Mrs. Beale overlooked was, she indeed divined, but the effect of an exaltation of high spirits, a tendency to soar that showed even when she dropped—still quite impartially—almost to the confidential. "Well, then; we've only to wait. He can't do without us long. I'm sure, Mrs. Wix, he can't do without *you*! He's devoted to you; he has told me so much about you. The extent I count on you, you know, count on you to help me": was an extent that even all her radiance could n't express. What it could n't express, quite as much as what it could, made, at any rate, every instance, her presence, and even her famous freedom, loom larger; and it was this mighty mass that once more led her companions, bewildered and scattered, to exchange with each other, as through a thickening veil, confused and ineffectual signs. They clung together, at least, on the common ground of unpreparedness, and Maisie watched, without relief, the havoc of wonder in Mrs. Wix. It had reduced her to perfect impotence, and, but that gloom was black upon her, she sat as if fascinated by Mrs. Beale's high style! It had plunged her into a long, deep hush; for what had happened was the thing she had least allowed for and before which the particular rigour she had worked up could only grow limp and sick. Sir Claude was to have reappeared with his accomplice or without her: never, never his accomplice without *him*. Mrs. Beale had gained, apparently, by this time, an advantage she could pursue: she looked at the droll, dumb figure with jesting reproach. "You really won't shake hands with me? Never mind; you'll come round!" She put the matter to no test, going on immediately and, instead of offering her hand, raising it with a pretty gesture that her head bent, to a long black pin that played

a part in her back hair. "Are hats worn at luncheon? If you're as hungry as I am we must go right down."

Mrs. Wix stuck fast, but she met the question in a voice her pupil scarce recognized. "I wear mine."

Mrs. Beale, swallowing at one glance her brand-new bravery, which she appeared at once to refer to its origin and to follow in its flights, accepted this as conclusive. "Oh, but I've not such a beauty!" Then she turned rejoicingly to Maisie. "I've got a beauty for you, my dear."

"A beauty?"

"A love of a hat—in my luggage. I remembered *that*"—she nodded at the object on her stepdaughter's head—"and I've brought you one with a peacock's breast. It's the most gorgeous blue!" It was too strange, this talking with her there already not about Sir Claude, but about peacocks—too strange for the child to have presence of mind to thank her. But the felicity in which she had arrived was so proof against everything that Maisie felt more and more the depth of the purpose that must underlie it. She had a vague sense of its being abysmal, the spirit with which Mrs. Beale carried off the awkwardness, in the white and gold salon, of such a want of breath and of welcome. Mrs. Wix was more breathless than ever; the embarrassment of Mrs. Beale's isolation was as nothing to the embarrassment of her grace. The perception of this dilemma was the germ, on the child's part, of a new question altogether. What if, *with* this indulgence—? But the idea lost itself in something too frightened for hope and too conjectural for fear, and, while everything went by leaps and bounds, one of the waiters stood at the door to remind them that the *table d'hôte* was half over. "Had you come up to wash hands?" Mrs. Beale hereupon asked them. "Go and do it quickly, and I'll be with you: they've put my boxes in that nice room—it was sir Claude's. Trust him," she laughed, "to have a nice one!" The door of a neighbouring room stood open; and now, from the threshold, addressing herself again to Mrs. Wix, she launched a note that gave the very key of what, as she would have said, she was up to. "Dear lady, please attend to my daughter."

She was up to a change of deportment so complete that it represented—oh, for offices still honourably subordinate, if not too explicitly menial—an absolute coercion, an interested clutch, of the old woman's respectability. There was response, in Maisie's view, I may say at once, in the jump of that respectability to its feet: it was itself capable of one of the leaps, one of the bounds, just mentioned, and it carried its charge, with this momentum and while Mrs. Beale popped into Sir Claude's chamber, straight away to where, at the end of the passage, pupil and governess were quartered. The greatest stride of all, for that matter, was that, within a few

seconds, the pupil had, in another relation, been converted into a daughter. Maisie's eyes were still following it when, after the rush, with the door almost slammed and no thought of soap and towels, the pair stood face to face. Mrs. Wix, in this position, was the first to gasp a sound. "Can it ever be that *she* has one—?"

Maisie felt still more bewildered. "One what?" "Why, moral sense."

They spoke as if you might have two, but Mrs. Wix looked as if it were not altogether a happy thought, and Maisie did n't see how even an affirmative from her own lips would clear up what had become most of a mystery. It was to this she sprang pretty straight. "*Is* she my mother now?"

It was a point as to which an horrific glimpse of the responsibility of an opinion appeared to affect Mrs. Wix like a blow in the stomach. She had evidently never thought of it; but she could think and rebound. "If she is, he's equally your father."

Maisie, however, thought further. "Then my father and my mother—!"

But she had already faltered, and Mrs. Wix had already glared back. "Ought to live together—? Do n't begin it again!" She turned away with a groan, to reach the washing-stand, and Maisie could by this time recognize with a certain ease that that way, verily, madness did lie. Mrs. Wix gave a great untidy splash, but the next instant had faced round. "She has taken a new line."

"She was nice to you," Maisie concurred.

"What *she* thinks so—'go and dress the young lady.' But it's something!" she panted. "Then she thought out the rest. 'If he won't have her—why, she'll have you. *She* 'll be the one.'"

"The one to keep me abroad?"

"The one to give you a home." Mrs. Wix saw further; she mastered all the portents. "Oh, she's cruelly clever! It's not a moral sense." She reached her climax: "It's a game!"

"A game?"

"Not to lose him. She has sacrificed him. To her Duty."

"Then won't he come?" Maisie pleaded.

Mrs. Wix made no answer; her vision absorbed her. "He has fought. But she has won."

"Then won't he come?" the child repeated.

Mrs. Wix hesitated. "Yes—hang him!" She had never been so profane.

For all Maisie minded! "Soon?—to-morrow?"

"Too soon—whenever. Indecently soon."

"But then we *shall* be together!" the child went on. It made Mrs. Wix look at her as if in exasperation; but nothing had time to come before she precipitated: "Together with you!" The air of criticism continued, but took voice only in her companion's bidding her wash herself and come down. The silence of quick ablutions fell upon them, presently broken, however, by one of Maisie's sudden reversions. "Mercy, is n't she handsome?"

Mrs. Wix had finished; she waited. "She'll attract attention." They were rapid, and it would have been noticed that the shock the beauty had given them acted, incongruously, as a positive spur to their preparations for rejoining her. She had, none the less, when they returned to the sitting-room, already descended; the open door of her room showed it empty, and the chambermaid explained. Here again they were delayed by another sharp thought of Mrs. Wix's. "But what will she live on meanwhile?"

Maisie stopped short. "Till Sir Claude comes?" It was nothing to the violence with which her friend had been arrested. "Who'll pay the bills—?"

Maisie thought. "Can't *she*—?"

"She? She has n't a penny."

The child wondered. "But did n't papa—?"

"Leave her a fortune?" Mrs. Wix would have appeared to speak of papa as dead had she not immediately added: "Why, he lives on other women!"

Oh, yes: Maisie remembered. "Then can't he send—?" She faltered again: even to herself it sounded queer.

"Some of their money to his wife?" Mrs. Wix gave a laugh still stranger than the weird suggestion. "I daresay she'd take it!"

They hurried on again; yet again, on the stairs, Maisie pulled up. "Well, if she had stopped in England—!" she threw out.

Mrs. Wix considered. "And he had come over instead?"

"Yes, as we expected." Maisie launched her speculation. "What then would she have lived on?"

Mrs. Wix hung fire but an instant. "On other men!" And she marched downstairs.

(*To be continued.*)

SONG TO POLLY

I SAW six eggs within a nest,
And loved the sparrow as she flew.
Ah, Mistress Polly, love is best;
I'll build a nest with you.

I saw the pollen from the pine
Go seeking up the windy hill,
And thought its fate as hard as mine,
Unless it had its will.

Why, Polly, every lovely flower
Is just a woman, too, and waits
Until the bee, the wind, the shower,
Shall bring their happy freights.

When all the world is full of spring,
And Hymen, Hymen, all, O!
Is all the song the creatures sing
You shall not answer no.

P. H. SAVAGE.

REVIEWS

THE RENEWED PROMISE OF MR. THOMPSON

NEW POEMS. — By Francis Thompson. 12mo.
Copeland & Day. \$1.50.

FILLED with promise as is this latest volume of Mr. Francis Thompson's verse, it is still promise rather than performance. Amid much that is praiseworthy, it is discouraging to note that even here it is held necessary to indicate a commendable breadth of thought, a deepening profundity that places the intellectual content of the verse very high, by an involution and obscurity of diction that must be met with open condemnation. Mr. Thompson's most serious work shows him to hold the conviction that high thinking cannot consort with simple phrasing,—a conviction against which others of his verses can be cited with crushing disproof.

This we believe to be one sufficient reason for considering Mr. Thompson's poetic stature by no means attained. And there is still another to be added: there is hardly a poet-predecessor with marked individuality of thought or style who has not left some reflection of his genius on these mirror-like pages. Shakespeare is represented by glowing sonnets, Dr. Donne by stately and God-fearing lyrics, Herrick by an occasional archness, Lovelace by a fine suiting of high morals and human love, Keats by lusciousness of diction, Poe by soft cadences and melodious repetitions, Swinburne by an onrush and flow of melody, Stevenson by deep insight into the childish mind, the Rossettis by an elaborate religiosity and great simplicity of expression, and so of many and many another. This amenability to external influences is a sign of the highest encouragement to the lovers of Mr. Thompson's writings, because of its very plasticity,—*if his growth be not attained*; for his singing or speaking with the voice of another assuredly means that he has not yet learned, but is earnestly seeking for a medium wherein he shall best develop his own powers. Where he does give these scope, as we are to see, he will be found caroling with true distinction—and that of a kind, moreover, which stamps him as a poet of his time, holding himself with and not aloof from his contemporaries, standing with them in the ranks, awaiting, let us hope, speedy promotion.

Mr. Thompson appears to pin his faith upon his odes. He seems to believe that here his genius is at its best. The places of honor in the book are largely given up to these odes, seven appearing in the first of the five chapters, while the third is wholly given up to them. They abound, let us freely admit, in mellifluous language, in happy phrasing, in poetic fervor, and in grandly conceived ideas; but, on the other hand, they indicate an unholy love for adjectives, a superfluity of adornment which prefers an

explanatory footnote to unmixed metaphors, a puerile love for paradox, a predilection for inversion which is almost monomaniacal, a paucity of vocabulary which permits words like *blosmy*, *coerule*, and the technical terms of falconry to appear on every page, while some of the involutions positively require textual emendation to make the meaning intelligible. Such an aggregation of words as this, the first strophe of *By Reason of Thy Law*, safely defies complete interpretation:

Here I make oath—
Although the heart that knows its bitterness
Here loath,
And credit less—
That he who kens to meet Pain's kisses fierce
Which hiss against his tears,
Dread, loss nor love frustrate,
Nor all iniquity of the froward years
Shall his inured wing make idly bate,
Nor of the appointed quarry his staunch sight
To lose observance quite;
Seal from half-sad and all-elate
Sagacious eyes
Ultimate Paradise;
Nor shake his certitude of haughty fate.

Passages quite as unintelligible in detail are to be met in nearly all the more pretentious efforts.

After this, not a great deal remains, it is true; but much of it is compact with the genius which gives hope for the future. There is the *Ore Ex Infantium*, not to be excelled in all English for complete and childlike simplicity and devotion; *A Question*, which might have been the work of a scholastic minnesinger; *Field Flower*, a conceit as virile as that of many an Elizabethan; the almost perfect lyricism of *July Fugitive*, of which the first and last stanzas must be given:

"Can you tell me where has hid her,
Pretty Maid July?
I would swear one day ago
She passed by;
I would swear that I do know
The blue bliss of her eye:
'Tarry, maid, maid,' I bid her;
But she hastened by.
Do you know where she has hid her?
Maid July? . . .

"Shake the lilies till their scent
Over-drip their rims;
That our runaway may see
We do know her whims:
Sleek the tumbled waters out
For her travelled limbs;
Strew and smooth blue night thereon,
There will — O not doubt her! —
The lovely sleepy lady lie,
With all her stars about her!"

Following this are the lines *To a Snow-Flake*, with the ring of a Saga:

"What heart could have thought you?—
Past our devisal
(O filigree petal!)
Fashioned so purely,
Fragilely, surely,
From what Paradisal
Imagineless metal,
Too costly for cost?
Who hammered you, wrought you,
From argentine vapor?—
'God was my shaper.
Passing surmial,
He hammered, He wrought me,
From curled silver vapour,
To lust of His mind;—
Thou couldst not have thought me!
So purely, so palely,
Tinily, surely,
Mightily, frailly,
Insculped and embossed,
With His hammer of wind,
And His graver of frost.'"

Take, too, the gracious naturalness of the lines *To the Sinking Sun*, instinct with real fire; and so of poem after poem. If it be asked what constitutes the peculiar distinction of these highly praised lines,—wherein the difference lies which separates them from those written to-day by a mentionable score of young men and women,—it must be answered that the difference is always of degree, not of kind: Mr. Thompson is a poet of and not above his time.

We hold that the product of this hour of poetry, whether it be of the first consequence or not, is to be told from that of all the ages preceding by two characteristics (or three), actually, though not apparently, interrelated. There has descended upon mankind an appreciation of the beauties of childhood which never found place in English verse before; there has been an investment of the lyric with ethical dignity and new melody,—what, for lack of a later phrase, must be called "sweetness and light." It would seem as if the slow awakening of adult man to the recollections of his own childhood, his final apperception of the meaning of the words of the Saviour, had given him the ability to view the universe with the great grave eyes of the little ones,—eyes which see only God and His Wonders there. This it is which has thrown such illuminatory "light" upon our vision; the "sweetness" comes partly from the new beauty of the theme, partly from such a command of the melodious resources of the language as may have been known empirically to our elders, but hardly to the extent that is within grasp to-day. Lyrics have been written from the beginning, combining the ethical note with their own proper cry, as may be seen in *Blow*,

Northern Wind, or they have been granted great beauty of sound and musical phrasing, or they have hinted at the child-nature, with all its privileges and restrictions; but never was there such a combination of these virtues as at the present moment. And if this lovely rejuvenation stands first subjectively speaking, objectively the most marked advance is in what we may call "intellectual onomatopœia"—for the sake of distinction from the technical term of the philologist. In both these developments Mr. Thompson is a past master; but it is, at most, as *primus inter pares*:—he does not stand alone.

This is the third volume of verse from his pen. The first was an agreeable surprise, the second held little of disappointment; and now comes the last, bigger with both delight and disappointment. It is now to be seen plainly that a tendency has existed from the beginning to mistake matters unintelligible for matters recondite, confusion for profusion, paradox for climax, and misarrangement for emphasis. It is to be noted, in the same glance, that Mr. Thompson has high talent for dealing with the priceless things of life, its tendernesses and finalities. If he can but restrain that tendency, and cultivate this talent, fulfilling the hope now held out by the work he holds in least favor, the future will assuredly bring him to a place among the immortals.

A SCHOOLMASTER ADRIFT

THE FORMS OF DISCOURSE, WITH AN INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER ON STYLE. By William B. Cairns. A.M. 12mo. Ginn & Co.

IN an illuminating preface Mr. Cairns tells his readers why he wrote this book. He noticed that when a boy is set to do a composition, he always asks, "What shall I write about? What shall I say about it? and How shall I say it? or as Mr. Cairns prefers, "How shall I express my thoughts to suit this particular occasion?" He observed further, that a boy writes better "when he writes on a well-chosen subject and in accordance with a carefully prepared plan."

It is possible that without the flying start this preface gives him, Mr. Cairns would have come to earth sooner; but it is improbable. In the *Introductory Chapter on Style* he discloses the quaint fondness, which pervades the book, for dividing everything into two classes: those-which-are and those-which-are-not; e.g., all authors are of two kinds, Mr. Cairns and not Mr. Cairns, or all books are of two kinds: the one he has written and *les autres*. Thus you learn in this first chapter that the laws of discourse are of two varieties: those that apply to any composition and those that do not. Under the first head he remarks a "difference between a memorial oration and a reporter's story of a dog-fight." This he accounts for "by the general rule that words should be chosen to fit the subject,"—

a statement at once clean-cut and in no sense invidious. Under the second category he draws attention to the neglected fact that "the word 'jam' calls to our mind a preparation of fruit," and that the reason is not far to seek, "because we are used to associating the word and the idea." But others are not so fortunate, so he hastens to add, "to Cicero the same combination of letters meant something entirely different,"—a matter of sufficient importance, it would seem, to be recalled at times in regard to Virgil and Fabius Cunctator as well.

Here many other details of importance are appropriately gathered. Among them may be noted a perfectly safe rule: "If the necessity is great enough to justify the means, no one should hesitate to use an expression that has not its full credentials; but the occasions for doing so are rare." Nothing but due consideration reveals the fact that the principle underlying this dictum is applicable to human affairs generally, from salt on oysters to civil war. Similarly safe is the remark devoted to the exemplifying quotations used at the ends of the chapters, of which he says: "Some of them are models of style, and may be studied as such; others have serious faults, which the student should point out." Here is embodied the real method of writing successful text-books.

The chapter on *Narration* gives another opportunity for categorical division. "Narration," Mr. Cairns states, "is divided into two great classes, narration without plot and narration with plot." Newspapers come under the first class, with correspondence, *Gulliver's Travels* and *Robinson Crusoe*; under the second we find *King Lear*, *Ben Hur*, and *Gallegber*. History and biography also have plots, a plot being "the choice and arrangement of occurrences in such a way that all parts of the narrative work toward and center in a final outcome or culmination." Thus the definition itself is a narrative with a plot, the "final outcome or culmination" lying in the discovery that the central interest of anything is at its farther end. A discussion of *Description*, "portrayal by means of language," follows. Under this, Mr. Cairns suggests that a novel may be told from a book of travels; all that is needed for purposes of discrimination being the question, "What is the purpose of the work?"

There are three other chapters, on *Exposition*, *Argumentation*, and *Persuasion*; but as the same pellucid character prevails to the end of the index, further citations will not be necessary. It is in the preface that the author sets forth his conviction "that this text-book differs, in scope and general plan, from any other [note the significance of this word "other"] now before the public." This we have tried to demonstrate:

"The feathered race with pinions skim the air;
Not so the mackerel, and still less the bear."



A SCOTS OLIVIA

LAD'S LOVE. — By S. R. Crockett. 12mo. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

SOONER or later, every ambitious young sculptor turns his hand to the modeling of an ideal *Ophelia*, and no young figure-painter can long withstand the temptation to outdo both his contemporaries and the old masters by a new *Madonna and Child*. In the same way, things have now come to such a pass that no novelist rests content until he has given the public his version of *The Vicar of Wakefield* or *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* or whatever else you may care to call it. The episode of the well-dressed villain and the innocent country maiden is, perhaps, a trifle older than the hills, but that it is still a winsome subject for a novelist is shown by Mr. Crockett's latest volume, entitled *Lad's Love*. To be fair, it is there only the minor theme, but novelty in the chief story is lacking to such a degree, that anything else in the book, however slight, seems important.

It would be absurd for even the most ardent admirers of Mr. Crockett to claim that *Lad's Love* is either a great or a remarkable production. On the other hand, no one can deny that, as novels go, it is both satisfactory and readable. The good old stories are retold with the skill of a man confident in his craft, and in a language which, while Scots in part, is yet sufficiently like English to be comprehensible, and this, judged by Kailyard precedent, is no insignificant quality. Into the bargain, the story is agreeably adequate in characterization, wholesome in morals, and picturesque in background and surroundings.

A grumpy old man has three daughters: the eldest, Nance, is the heroine of the book. She is beautiful and good and coquettish and feminine and lovable. The youngest daughter is wild, honest, straightforward, and utterly and exquisitely lacking in sentimentality. The other is colorless, and has no more part in the story than the last act has in *Rosemary*. The hero tells the story, and on his own word is clever and spirited and affectionate. He is very much in love with Nance. She loves him. The father wishes her to make a grand match, and opposes the hero. But the lovers triumph, with the help of the youngest daughter, and in the end they marry. This is the main story. The minor theme deals with a rather dishonest young merchant and a poor girl. He swears to marry her, in language which doubtless thrilled us longer ago than we can recall, and she believes him. Incidentally they go through the Scots form of marriage, which the hero and heroine and the youngest daughter (three witnesses being necessary) overhear from the concealment of some neighboring trees.

The dishonest merchant eventually denies the marriage and casts off his victim. Her father discovers the state of affairs and breaks in the young

man's skull. She herself tries to commit suicide, but is rescued at just the right moment by the heroine. The witnesses come forward and proclaim the legality of the marriage, the villain recovers his health, although his memory is gone, and he and his wife and their child go to housekeeping. The grumpy father gives Nance an acceptable dowry and they all live happily.

If Mr. Crockett's future books require as much ingenuity and mental exertion in the devising of a plot as his present volume, we fear his rate of production will only equal that of Mr. Marion Crawford, Miss Adeline Sargent, and the late Oliver Optic.

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE: HINTS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS AND OTHER BIBLE STUDENTS.

By Walter F. Adeney, M.A. 12mo. Thomas Whittaker \$0.50.

ADVICE the most elementary, couched in language "easily to be understood of the people," fills the 135 pages of Professor Adeney's book. It is a wholly unreserved and manly invitation to deal with the Holy Scriptures as they are. No attempt is made to conceal manifest errors which have crept in, through human fallibility or otherwise; no effort undertaken to close doors set ajar by modern scientific research. Everywhere authorities are quoted to substantiate positions assumed, who represent almost the extremes of Biblical criticism and exposition, and, though most of them are of the type sufficiently indicated by the term "orthodox," neither the school of Tuebingen nor of Leyden is neglected. Such candor as this is rare, combined as it is with insistent instructions to treat this Book reverently always, as containing God's best revelation to man, but none the less as a book compiled from the writings of various authors, which is to be read, adjudged, and interpreted by the same rules of common sense as guide the readers of all worthy books. And though these instructions are many and minute, they are always given with the admirable reservation that "it is not desirable to read the Bible through another man's spectacles." The work is therefore likely to awaken interest in the Scriptures among students of all schools of thought, which is its highest praise.



HOW TO READ LATIN MANUSCRIPTS

LATIN MANUSCRIPTS.—By Harold W. Johnston, Ph.D., Professor of Latin in the University of Indiana. Chicago: Scott Foresman & Co. \$2.25.

TO the average college student, nothing seems so dreary as what is called a critical apparatus at the foot of a page of his classical author. He is, at least he used to be, content to take the text which his editor gave, and to ask no more about it.

Yet such an apparatus, or account of the readings of the more important manuscripts wherever they differ from one another, or wherever they make—as they too often do—pure nonsense, is the material out of which scholars determine, so far as it is possible to determine, what the author wrote. And it would not seem to be either an unimportant or an uninteresting matter to determine what Horace, for example, had to say, or what Virgil. If the subject were rightly presented to him at the outset, any educated man, and any young man worth educating, is sure to find interest in the matter of the transmission of ancient authors to our time. We have no manuscript of any Roman author that was written within two hundred years of his death, and, for most of our authors, we have to depend upon manuscripts written a thousand years or more after they were done with the pen. Moreover, most of these manuscripts were the work of more or less ignorant scribes. What we have, is, not what the author wrote, but a copy of a copy of a copy, etc., etc., etc., each copy being plentifully provided with mistakes of its own.

It is evident that, in order to be able to restore corrupt places, we must know a good deal about the way in which books were written in ancient and mediæval times in order to proceed, in the case of a given author, to the determination of the relationship and comparative value of all existing manuscripts, and the discovery from these texts always considerably corrupted, what were the *ipsissima verba* of the author. These things are the subject of Professor Johnston's admirable and attractive book. He treats of the making and distribution of the manuscripts, and of the way in which they have been preserved, so far as they have been; of styles of writing, and of the errors of the scribes; of methods of criticism in determining the value of existing manuscripts, and of principles of emendation. His exposition is illustrated with many cuts, including fifteen facsimiles of specimen pages of Roman manuscripts, among which is to be found a facsimile, here first published, of a page of the great Catullus manuscript discovered last year, in Rome, in the course of the work of the American School of Classical Studies. His treatment is clear and attractive. It is a gratifying thing to see such a piece of work done—and so well done—by an American professor, and so excellently set before the public by publishers who can-

not have foreseen the remarkable success which the book actually had in advance of its appearance.

GLOOM FROM THE SHETLANDS

PRISONERS OF CONSCIENCE.—By Amelia E. Barr. 12mo. The Century Co. \$1.50.

IT is difficult to bring to the reading of Mrs. Barr's book a mind unprejudiced by memories of the praise which sentimental girls for a decade have bestowed upon her story, *The Bow of Orange Ribbon*. But it is only fair to say that a single chapter suffices to show that this is quite another affair. *Prisoners of Conscience* is an honest, gloomy story of the Shetlands, a picture of life in those northern islands before the invasion of modern influence. If it lacks supreme merit, it is equally devoid of the more obvious faults of novels.

Since the first appearance of the story in the *Century*, Mrs. Barr has prefixed the tale of Liot Borson to the life of David, his son. Strictly speaking, the form did not demand this, but there is a certain shapeliness gained from the telling of the workings of fate and environment through two generations. Because, also, Liot Borson's story is to our mind of finer quality than his son's, we congratulate Mrs. Barr on her addition.

In those days the inhabitants of the Shetlands were Norsemen and Icelanders (some of them only ten generations removed), and at the same time the most rigid Calvinists. Liot Borson is pursued at once by an ancestral curse and by the doctrine of election. He had faltered when a word would have saved Bele Trenby from drowning. Bele was the riotous, insulting, scapegrace skipper of a Holland trading-ship, and Liot's rival for Karen's love. The manner of Bele's death was not discovered, but Karen's aunt, who had loved him and hated Liot, swore wildly that Bele had been murdered, and called down upon Liot the old curse of his family. For the time, no evil came; in spite of her aunt, Karen married Liot. With the birth of David, however, she faded away and died, hearing on her deathbed the manner of Bele's death. Then Liot, restless, and longing to see the world, planned to leave David with kinsfolk at Stornoway, in the Hebrides, and go himself a-roaming. So far, he had held fast to the hard theology of his church, upheld by the faith that God's elect may stumble, but cannot sin. After violent storms repeatedly beat him back from Stornoway and cast him upon an island inhabited by uncouth Celtic fishermen, he bowed to the will of God. His sin was evidently not forgiven, and with a grim yielding to the Divine power, he stayed there. At his death, he told David his story, and sent him back to Shetland. The conception of the conquering of viking instincts by the Calvinistic theology is finely

conceived and honestly told. A slight archaic rigidity in the style and its conciseness carry one back to the first quarter of the century, and really make an atmosphere for the story.

As we have intimated, this first part is the best of the book. With David, Mrs. Barr is more modern and more diffuse. Her one startling and central theme, Nanna's refusal to marry David, she barely succeeds in making credible to the imagination. It is hard to believe that a woman, even when grieving for a child that had died unbaptized, could refuse a man she loved passionately in such words as these: "Can you, can the minister, can any human being give me assurance they will be elect children? If you can, I will be your wife to-morrow; if you cannot, as the God of my father lives I will not bring sons and daughters into life for sin and sorrow here and for perdition hereafter. The Devil shall not use my body to people hell! No, I will not, not even for your love, David!" The situation is almost too extraordinary for Mrs. Barr's powers.

SANSKRIT HYMNS

FROM THE UPANISHADS.—By Charles Johnston.
32mo. Thomas B. Mosher.

TWO objects appear to have guided Mr. Johnston in giving the world his admirable rendering of these three little glosses on the fairly untranslatable Vedic hymns: he wished, first, to enable the reader to trace the parallelism between these ancient thoughts and that depth of reflection and fervor of aspiration which give Ralph Waldo Emerson's *Essays* their eminence; and secondly, to gratify an old and purely personal ambition to learn the Sanskrit account of the beginnings of things, which was made possible at last by an extended sojourn in the far East. This very human combination of self-seeking and disinterestedness has resulted in an equilibrium or mental poise which enables us to follow quite closely indeed the divagations of the Hindu mind about what are probably the oldest records of human thought. Conceptions of the most recondite nature are expressed with childlike simplicity; mysteries past expression find illustration in natural phenomena the most usual; and everywhere the spirit of the original is interpreted in symbols so easily apprehended that their full purport may be reserved for after-reflection. We are indebted to Mr. Johnston for an admirably devised addition to our philosophic thought, and to the publisher for the manner of its presentation.



PRIEST-MUSICIAN

DOCTOR TUCKER: PRIEST-MUSICIAN.—By Christopher W. Knauff, M.A. 12mo. The A. D. F. Randolph Co. \$1.50.

THAT "pattern of priests and pioneer of precentors," as the Reverend Doctor John Ireland Tucker was accurately, if not melodiously, styled by Bishop Doane, has had his personal virtues and profound services to the cause of sacred music in America set forth with reverent appreciation in these pleasant pages. Mr. Knauff exhibits an interest in his distinguished subject which transcends that of the biographer of the day; and his selections from the private papers of Doctor Tucker, and his comments on a life so fraught with beneficence, are judicious.

For more than half a century Dr. Tucker was rector of the parish of the Holy Cross in Troy, New York, and the honorable title was accorded the seat of his ministry of being "The Church of First Things." Here the choral service of the Church was first heard in America, "at a time when no cathedral in England was so honored"; here the practices of wearing the surplice in the pulpit, and of offering flowers upon the altar, took their rise. Still more notable were the hymnals which received Dr. Tucker's revision and contain so many of his compositions,—works of love, skill, and devotion, by which it may be said that the final blow was given to the nation's cacophonous inheritance from the Puritans.

Doctor Tucker was beloved throughout his life, and mourned at its close, far beyond the usual lot of the sons of men, and even with this admirable biography, he has received less than his deserts.

ON THE TRAIL OF POMONA

THE BURGLAR WHO MOVED PARADISE.—By Herbert D. Ward. 16mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

MR. HERBERT WARD'S talent for being Mr. Frank Stockton is not quite equal to Mr. Stockton's own gift in that direction, yet it has, nevertheless, given us a very readable small story, which has already had the widespread popularity which Mr. Bok is able to confer upon a work of fiction.

When Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward entrusted to her husband the writing of a sequel to *An Old Maid's Paradise*, the nomenclature of this volume forced him into competition with Mr. Stockton. It will be remembered that the summer cottage on the Massachusetts coast called "Paradise" was built for Corona and cooked in by Puelvir. Such names point in but one direction, and this Mr. Ward took without flinching.

Towards the end of the earlier volume, as Corona sat calculating her loss in one burglary, a widower appeared upon the scene, and Corona's biographer raised the question, "Had the most dangerous burglar of all climbed up to Paradise?" It appears that he had not; for the same widower appears at the very beginning of this new book, very shortly marries Corona, and after a futile attempt at a wedding journey, settles down for the honeymoon in "Paradise." This period is diversified by the quaint doings of Puelvir, the servant; Zero, the "boy of all laziness," and Matthew Launcelot, the dog. It is this last animal, escaping from confinement and plunging aboard the railway train, who prevents the usual wedding trip.

Mr. Ward leads us through a very pretty bit of middle-aged sentiment to his climax, the moving of "Paradise." Corona has an extraordinarily illogical landlord, who, beginning with a demand for twice the usual rent, since there are two in the family, and continuing with the threat of a corresponding increase for each possible addition to the family, ends by planning a summer hotel with a skating-rink, a steam-laundry and a bowling-alley as incidentals. "Paradise" must be moved, and finally, failing a land route, it is cut in two, loaded upon two scows and started across the bay. The parting of the scows in a storm that night, when Puelvir secured her safety by heaving the kitchen stove overboard as an anchor, is told with much liveliness and whimsical humor. The book is full of unexpected turns of incident and quips of speech. It demands no extraordinary attention, but the reading of it will prove a pastime.

PICTURESQUE AMERICA

MARIA CANDELARIA.—By Daniel G. Brinton. 16mo. Philadelphia: David McKay.

MR. BRINTON is a historical authority, rather than a dramatic poet,—in spite of the fairly graceful lilt in some of his lyrics. The great merit of his achievement is his perception of the vivid and picturesque material in the early history of Spanish-America, which has scarcely been touched by our writers. Maria Candelaria is a real Joan of Arc of the Indians. Inspired by visions, and urged on by Spanish inhumanity, she led an insurrection of her people, the Tzentals, against their conquerors in 1712. The picture which Mr. Brinton presents in his introductions, perhaps more than in the drama itself, is done with knowledge, and considerable taste. The book itself is admirably printed and effectively bound.

WANTED—A COLLABORATOR

SPANISH CASTLES BY THE RHINE.—By David Skaats Foster. 18mo. Henry Holt & Co. \$0.75.

TO the fact that Mr. Foster attempted to write his book himself is due its partial failure. He is a born collaborator, although he may never have perceived the fact. That is, he knows very well what to write, and very little how to write it. By arrangement with some one really skillful in English composition, Mr. Foster might produce an admirable opera bouffe libretto, or comic romance that would be quite delightful. His plots are ingenious and frankly impossible. It appears, for example, that the Princess Stephanie von Anheusen, otherwise a paragon of all desirable virtues, had an insatiable desire to collect scandalous anecdotes about the court. These she wrote out in a fair hand in her journal, and then lost the journal. This volume is found by a wicked Baron, and the Princess, in order to regain it, is forced to consent to an elopement with him. This is all arranged by a meeting at a masked ball, and the Princess and the Baron do not know each other. At this juncture, fate and Mr. Foster manage a neat trick, whereby a young American is introduced into the palace as the Baron. Falling very much in love with the Princess, he carries on the plan, and at the last moment confesses his deception, only to be met by the counter-statement that his companion is not the Princess, but her cousin. From this pretty and surprising climax the story quickly runs to its end in the marriage of the two. In the last story in the volume Mr. Foster makes over the *Prisoner of Zenda* into a rattling *Box and Cox* kind of farce, with a few touches of Mr. Stockton's fairy tales added. The stories needed telling in a light style, with something of affectation about it. Instead, they are bluntly straightforward and heavy, distended and distorted by dull passages of trite moralizing and reflection like the following: "When one comes to think of it, it is always through a door that one goes to his fate. By entering some door a man takes the first step by which he becomes a drunkard or gambler. By entering another, he meets the woman whom he is to love. Through one doorway he enters upon a career of fame; through another, that of ignorance. Should I, or should I not, pass through that fateful portal?" Perhaps, instead of collaborating, Mr. Foster will himself endeavor to improve his style, and if he does this, he may be reckoned a man of real and notable promise.



SEX IN RELIGION

THE GOD-IDEA OF THE ANCIENTS; OR, SEX IN RELIGION.—By *Eliza Burt Gamble*. 8vo. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MRS. GAMBLE'S erudition would be a subject for mirth, as proper as it is fit, if it were not for her deadly earnestness, which makes it pitiable. She has possessed herself of the twin truisms that all the good in this world comes from woman, and all the evil therein from man; and, these in hand, sets out to explain all the differences in history, from the Tower of Babel to the Protestant Reformation. In the process of proof along these lines, showing that anciently God was a woman and the age golden,—correlatives these, to her, always,—and that evil came only with the taking on of masculine attributes by the divinity, Mrs. Gamble has dug into all the books which have been devised for the testing of the capacities of the credulous, has believed all she read in them, and, by dint of utterly ignoring all true science, has emerged triumphant with an array of "facts" which make the fancy ashamed, the imagination blush, and the judgment grieve.

Here you learn for the first time that the Irish were expelled from Persia for religion's sake; that Manu is the Hebrew Noah; that the Eleusinian mysteries eventually degenerated into the Saturnalia; that Abraham introduced fire-worship among the Jews from Ur in Mesopotamia; that the banks of the Ganges are the very cradle of religion; that the Jews had no writing prior to Ezra or Jeremiah; that the Christianity of the British Isles antedates that of Paul or Rome; and that there is little doubt that the attempt to spiritualize the religion of the Jews was due to the influence of the Persians.

You may also read of "a poem by Virgil, who was a Druid," which poem turns out to be the *Æneid*; of there being "reasons other than religious" for maintaining a fire on the domestic hearth, since "in those days there were no matches"; of Confucius's never thinking "of the brotherhood of man"; of Minerva and Vulcan as Greek gods on the same page that she spells it "Kosmogony"; of "the festival of lamps, once universal in Egypt," which still prevails in China; of "hotbeds of fire-worship,"—an unexpected touch; of her just having learned that *Joshua* and *Jesus* have the same Hebrew original; of the similar discovery that the Buddhists use the rosary,—new, this, to her, though Marco Polo was in trouble with the papacy over it early in the fourteenth century; and, most precious of all, of the fact "that during numberless ages the Supreme Creator was worshiped as female."

Yet it is not here, but in the departments of etymology and philology, that Mrs. Gamble comes out strongest. The rule she adopts is at once so simple

and so thorough, that its universal adoption seems only a question of time: "If two words are similarly spelled in *English*," she argues, "they *must* be the same; if they are not spelled alike in any language, they are probably the same." In this way you quickly come to perceive with her that the Babylonian *Omoroka* and the Norse *Ymer* are one; that the Latin *Juno* is the Hebrew *juneb*, a dove; that *John*, *Ionian*, *Oaunes* (*sic*), and some other words, all signify the same thing,—i.e., worshippers of woman; that *Mai* and *Mary* are identical; that the Moabitish *Cbemosb* and the Roman *Janus* differ not at all; that *Serapis* is *Pan*; and that *Iev*, *iav*, *ieue*, *Yod-He-Vau* and "IHS" all stand for Jehovah! The only thing to equal this last is the spelling in the book.

We are convinced that Mrs. Gamble can discern an attempt on man's part to aggrandize himself at woman's expense in the tone of the musical glasses, or in the discovery of canals on Mars—and the worst of it is, it is just such books as this she has written which go to convince him he is fully entitled to.

FIRECRACKERS AND TARTS

THE KNAVE OF HEARTS: A FOURTH OF JULY COMEDIETTA. By *Albert Lee*. Illustrated by *Edward Penfield*. 12mo. R. H. Russell. \$0.50.

IT seems that at a Fourth of July feast, given to the royal pairs of Diamonds, Spades, and Clubs, the Knave of Hearts, already known for his thievish propensities, stole the firecrackers which the Queen had prepared for the celebration. The King beat him severely, and he then returned, not only the crackers, but the tarts which he had stolen the summer before. This courtly incident Mr. Lee writes out as a pleasant small comedietta for children to play. Mr. Russell prints it with admirable typographical taste. Mr. Penfield makes pictures for it in black and red, and Mr. Maxfield Parrish does one of his best decoration covers.

WALT WHITMAN AS
"COMRADE"

CALAMUS: LETTERS WRITTEN BY WALT WHITMAN TO PETER DOYLE.—Edited, with an introduction, by *Maurice Bucke*. *Laurens Maynard*, Boston. \$1.00.

OF cardinal importance in the work of Walt Whitman was the idea of fellowship, or, as he more commonly called it, "comradeship." In the very first edition of *Leaves of Grass* he announced himself as "comrade of all who shake hands and welcome to drink and meat"; later he chose the sweet flagroot, the calamus, as the symbol of the great brotherhood of those whom he loved and who loved

him. All who have read of his life know how he always felt drawn toward strong and hearty men, workmen for choice, Broadway stage-drivers, pilots on the Brooklyn ferry, railroad men, mechanics, all "natural and nonchalant persons."

To those who feel Walt Whitman's power, not least significant are these poems of the division called "Calamus." And such will feel drawn toward the letters, now published, of Walt Whitman to Peter Doyle, a young friend, at one time a horse-car conductor, later a railroad-hand. They knew each other first in Washington in 1867; these letters run from 1868 to 1875 and include a few of later years. They are, then, a sort of specimen, rescued from the past, of Walt Whitman's comradeship. They are already known to several Whitman students; J. A. Symonds spoke of them most highly.

We cannot feel, however, that the publication of these letters was either necessary or useful. As material for the future biographer they are of some value, although we do not see that they give us much of an idea of the old poet that we had not before, and better, in *Specimen Days* for instance. Nor as "commentary" on *Calamus* are they of great use; the poems are more of a comment on the letters. Great affection was certainly at bottom, but it does not come to full expression. And the affection seems to us not so much comradelike devotion as the love of father for son. They are very plain, simple, every-day letters; not to be criticised for their plainness, certainly; but on the other hand, hardly to be admired, since there is little to admire. They will be read with pleasure by Whitman-lovers. But we question whether they will give any one a richer, fuller idea of the poet himself, or of the comradeship which was so dear to him.

ENCYCLOPÆDIC KNOWLEDGE

COLONIAL MONOGRAPHS: THE VOYAGE OF THE MAYFLOWER. PENNED AND PICTURED.—By *Blanche McManus*. 4to. *E. R. Herrick & Co.* \$1.25.

WE seem to have read this narrative before; but the probability is that Miss McManus merely employed the same encyclopædia as her predecessor. Her variations from the original are, presumably, to be found in the slight incoherence and frequent ungrammatical quality of her style. She manages to set forth the main facts in the founding of the Plymouth Colony without contradicting herself too often, and her pictures and decorations, while in no way remarkable, form an agreeable running commentary on the text. It is possible that such books may excite in the young, to whom they will come largely in the way of gifts, a lukewarm interest in early American history.

A POET FROM THE DOMINION

ESTABELLE, AND OTHER VERSE.—By *John Stuart Thomson*. 12mo. *William Briggs*. \$1.25.

A NUMBER of ballads with a Wordsworthian twang, which gain nothing by being written as heptameters; a few sonnets, desultory but praiseworthy; a verse of pleasant flavor, old-fashioned and classical, now and again; an occasional blunder in pronunciation, and the sense of feeling the way along the measures; and, over all, a thrill of growing nature and the joy of vernal happenings, combine to make up Mr. Thomson's first volume of verse.

It is the first in every sense, a beginning, and the lines are largely tentative in the impression they make. Yet the hope is great. Errors of judgment there may be, but errors of taste are few, and the perception of melody developing. It has been noted recently that the physical features of the Dominion of Canada have given strength to the voices of her children who sing; here it is to be noted that the lovely evanescence of the northern spring has given delicacy as well. Mr. Thomson is to be welcomed among the number of New-World poets, and his future work be looked for with some eagerness.

THE MOUNT AND AUTUN

THE MOUNT AND AUTUN.—By *Philip Gilbert Hamerton*. 12mo. *Roberts Brothers*. \$2.00.

THIS work, now first published, belongs in reality to its author's middle period, having been written in 1869-70, if Mrs. Hamerton's memoir is accurate in its reference to it. It is a slight volume when compared with others from the same pen, but still of consequence sufficient to justify its appearance, posthumously or otherwise.

The title assigned is curiously unindicative of the contents, which are in two parts, quite dissociated in all but a geographical sense. The former is a description, sympathetic and charming, of the excavations conducted on Mont Beuvray, the site of that Gaulish town, Bibracte, which Cæsar commemorates in *De Bello Gallico*. Though simple narrative, it is full of the author's enthusiasm for antiquities, and colored by his appreciation of poetry, whether in art or nature. Still, the second (and smaller) half of the book is more characteristic. It is an account of the city of Autun, and as that city contains many interesting relics, notably some churches of great age, Hamerton's critical faculties are given full play. It is interesting to find him in the late sixties laying down the law which England is learning for the first time late in the nineties, — a law which runs to the effect that an ignorant clergy

is the worst of all foes to ecclesiastical monuments. And it is at once interesting and melancholy to recall that the last artistic criticism we shall have from this gifted pen should be, like that first he tells so cheerily in his autobiography, of a matter of architecture.

VOLUMINOUS SELF-CONCEIT

A CHAT ABOUT CELEBRITIES; OR, THE STORY OF A BOOK. By Curtis Guild. 8vo. Lee & Shepard. \$1.50.

THE startling fact that he owns a book upon which he has spent Four Hundred Dollars constitutes the chief interest of Mr. Guild's latest publication. Regarding this, he is at once so aggressively proud and voluminously discursive, that we not only know *A Chat About Celebrities* to be the Guildian equivalent for the joy of a single-chicked hen, but feel certain that he has the singular and plural numbers in his title transposed, the proper reading being *Chats About a Celebrity, Curtis Guild*.

It will be noticed that when Mr. Guild is not speaking of himself or of the Three Hundred and Sixty-four Things he bought with his Four Hundred Dollars, he is seldom at his best. In fact, the illustrative anecdotes (always excepting those about himself) leave a feeling of awed wonder respecting the fire from which he plucked them, the flames of historic antiquity being supposedly quenched. They are, we become convinced, complete answers to Professor Brander Matthews's famous query: "What did the dark-haired Iberian laugh at before the tall blonde Aryan drove him into the corners of Europe?"

As for the English of the work, it is that which Mr. Guild and the Boston newspapers generally have in vain attempted to induce others to use during a long lifetime, a combination for which the receipt reads: "Take and mix tastelessness, formlessness, neologisms, and pretense in equal quantities." We remember thinking, when we read Mr. Guild's *Original Verse*, that nothing would ever be worse in any respect—a hasty opinion, which did his capacities grave injustice; for which we now desire to apologize.

THE CASE FOR THE DEFENDANT

SVENGALI'S DIARY.—By Alfred Welch. 18mo. Henry Holt & Co. \$0.50.

THIS very sensible elaboration of a clever idea deserved something better than belated publication after the Trilby craze has exhausted its strength. Even when bewitched by the "Trilbyness" of Du Maurier's book we have felt that there was another side to the story, and one less melodramatic than his. In this present small volume we

learn that Svengali really loved Trilby, and that she went away with him of her own accord after the disillusionizing passage with Little Billee's family. And if the whole story is made less exciting than the original, the hypnotic element is at least less lurid and more rational.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.—By Richard Harding Davis. 12mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
 THE KNAVE OF HEARTS: A FOURTH OF JULY COMEDINETTA.—By Albert Lee. 12mo. R. H. Russell. \$0.50.
 THE FLOURISHING OF ROMANCE.—By George Saintsbury. 12mo. Scribner's. \$1.50.
 THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM.—16mo. E. W. Porter Co.
 FIERCEHEART THE SOLDIER.—By J. C. Snaith. 12mo. D. Appleton & Co. \$0.50.
 THE PRINCESS OF ALASKA.—By Richard Henry Savage. 12mo. Rand, McNally & Co. \$0.25.
 THE GADFLY.—By E. L. Voynich. 12mo. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.
 MAX.—By Julian Croskey. 12mo. John Lane. \$1.50.
 ESTABLISH, AND OTHER VERSE.—By John Stuart Thomson. 12mo. William Briggs, Toronto.
 THE YELLOW BOOK, VOL. XIII. John Lane. \$1.50.
 EQUALITY.—By Edward Bellamy. 12mo. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.
 AT TWILIGHT. A BOOK OF LYRICS.—By Edward Maslin Hulme. 16mo. H. S. Crocker & Co., San Francisco.
 CONCORDANCE TO THE GREEK TESTAMENT.—By Rev. W. F. Moulton and Rev. A. S. Geden. 4to. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$7.00.
 THE FLYING HALCYON.—By Richard Henry Savage. 12mo. Rand, McNally & Co. \$0.25.
 CONSTANTINE.—By George Horton. 16mo. Way & Williams. \$1.25.
 BOLANVO.—By Opie Read. 16mo. Way & Williams. \$1.25.
 DREAMS OF TO-DAY.—By Percival Pollard. 16mo. Way & Williams. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, \$0.50.

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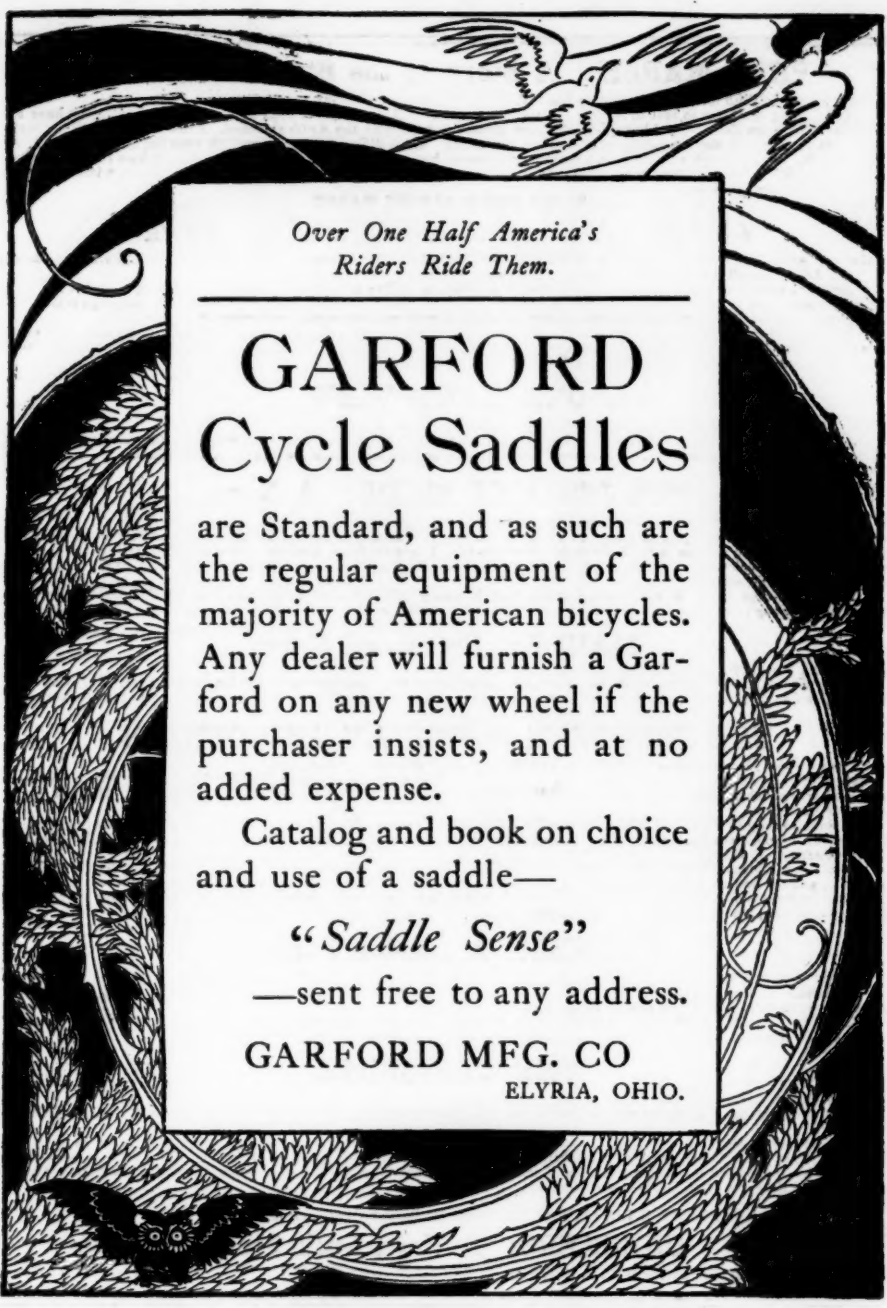
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